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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

PERSONAL responsibility for the state of Society cannot be evaded in these times. The cult of every-man-for-himself flourished in the old days. But in war-time people begin to realize that poverty and bad housing and insufficient nutrition are a threat to the welfare of the community and of the nation.

The Toronto Federation for Community Service is making its annual appeal to all intelligent people. The other cities of Canada are similarly organized, and throughout the country the need for quick and generous support is clear. Here is the battle-front against poverty and misfortune, in the defence of community-health.

Bitterness in Moscow

THE Russians told Mr. Churchill bluntly that they didn't think the British or Americans were doing enough to take the weight off them; and unusually frank dispatches are now passing the Moscow censors telling of a growing bitterness and distrust of the Allies among the Soviet soldiers and masses. The question whether we really want to help them seems to have insidiously invaded their minds.

As they pick up those clever Nazi leaflets which have been dropped by the millions, bearing only the words *And The Second Front?*, must not the Soviet citizen brought up to distrust us as much as the Germans and hardly yet accustomed to the idea of our alliance, wonder if we are not waiting until we are sure that Russia is thoroughly weakened before moving in to strike the deciding blow?

Mr. Churchill made the point that the Russians, as a continental people, did not have a proper appreciation of the difficulty of our shipping situation. In other words, they wouldn't admit that this was a valid reason for delaying our landing in Western Europe in this second year of German campaigning in the East. They are impressed by our air attack on Germany, but feel that they are being left to pay almost the entire blood cost of stopping Hitler.

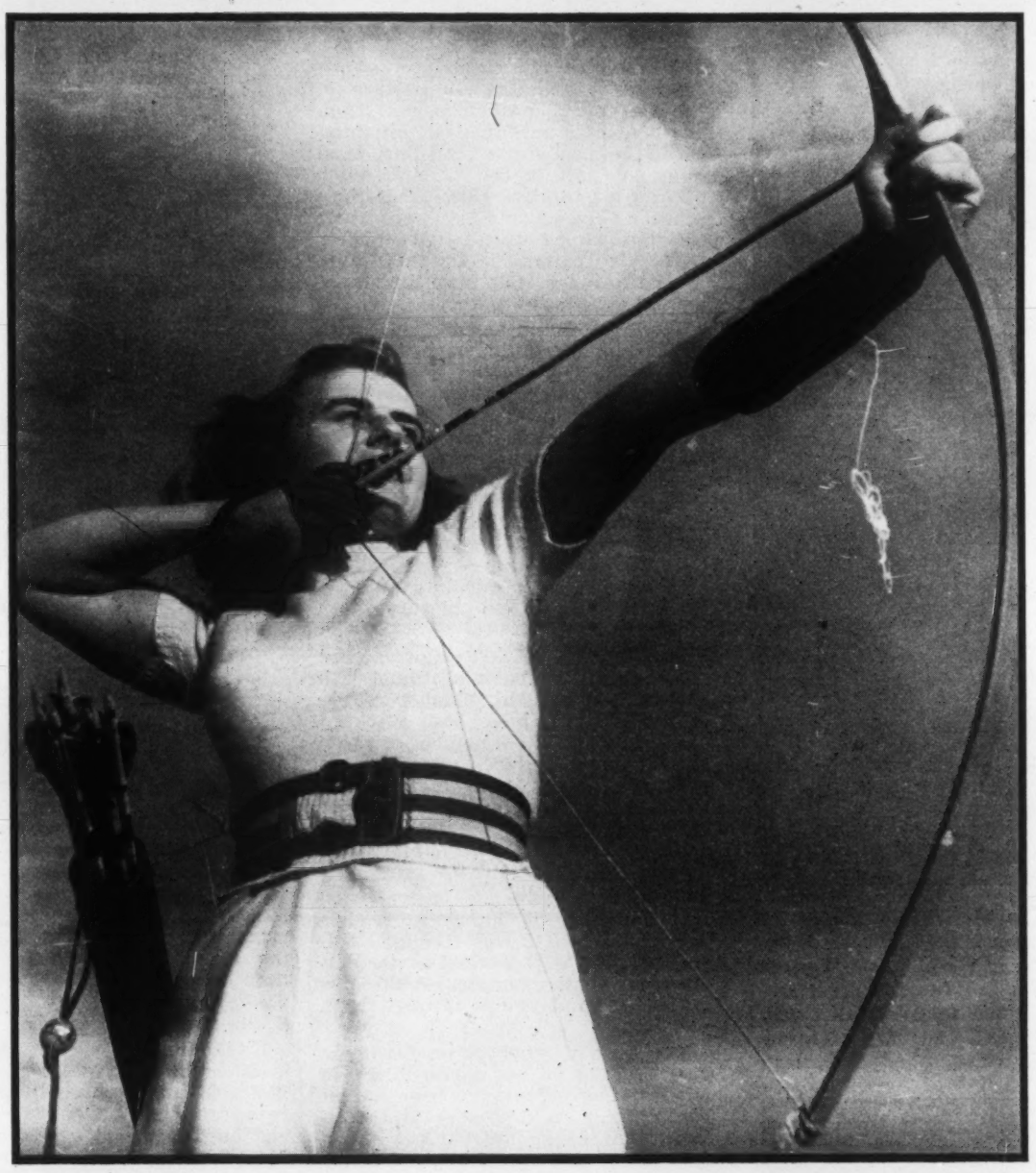
They want to see our troops in the line in France or the Lowlands, pinning down and killing Germans, even if we are not as ready as we would like, and suffer more casualties than we deem necessary. Mr. Churchill and General Brooke probably laid out our plan for first weakening Germany through our well-prepared bombing offensive and then attacking her, with the prospect of a shorter land campaign and less sacrifice of men. But how can the Russians, who may have lost 3 or 4 million killed and prisoners and as many more wounded, be expected to care whether we spare a few hundred thousand of our young men?

In these circumstances, has Goebbels' new propaganda line, that Britain and the United States are the *real* enemies, and the war with Russia is only "to regulate the frontier situation and create the economic basis for a great European living space," a chance at winning a separate peace with Russia if or when Stalingrad falls, using, in addition, the threat of a Jap attack in the Far East?

In war one must always be prepared for unexpected shocks and bitter disappointments. But the Russians didn't begin the war for us, and they are not going to quit the fight for their own freedom just to spite us. One thing about them, in fact, which Mr. Churchill declared to be "inexorable," is their "inflexible resolve to fight Hitlerism to the end," having been aroused and transformed by indignation over the atrocities and cruelties inflicted upon them. They have, besides, as their leader today a "great, rugged chief, a massive and strong personality"—a difference between this war and the last which is not often enough appreciated.

We may have been slow in doing the one thing which they want most, a major landing in Western Europe. But we rallied to them from the very first day. We have shared with them our most precious, and sometimes scarce war supplies. We have taken a large part of the weight of German air power from them (and if we hadn't fought and won the Battle of Britain, their goose would probably have been cooked long ago). We have held the Middle East, in the face of every disability and at the cost of a large diversion of our strength. We have kept Japan too busy up to now to fall on Russia's rear. And we are pledged to prove to the Russians with further "deeds and not words" that we are "good and faithful comrades."

We will strike as quickly as possible, Churchill assured Stalin, and without regard to sacrifices and losses involved, so long as the contribution is judged by our leaders to be a step towards victory.



ONE OF THE OLDEST OF SPORTS, ARCHERY TODAY HAS A NEW POPULARITY. ABOVE: HELEN GOUGEON, OTTAWA, DEMONSTRATES CORRECT WAY TO "HOLD".

(Pictures and story on page 32.)

Little Man, What Now?

THE more our business is regulated by government the more occasions we find for wondering why government regulates business in exactly the way it does. From an order issued by the Administrator of Sundry Items (Gilbert and Sullivan should have known about that one) we learn that if we want to manufacture hockey sticks other than goal sticks we must manufacture them in a certain closely prescribed number of grades, namely "not more than seven or less than five of the grades set forth" in an attached table. We can see good reasons why we should not try to manufacture more than seven grades, especially as there are only seven grades licensed to be made altogether, so that if we make seven we are making all the grades that are permitted to be made anyhow. But why "not less than five"? What harm is done to the national economy by our manufacturing four grades and abstaining from manufacturing the other three? If it is economical to manufacture five only, why is it not even more economical to manufacture four only?

There are manufacturers of hockey sticks in this country, it appears, who have the habit of making only two grades of non-goal hockey-sticks? Is it the object of this order to compel them to make five grades, or to stop their making even two grades? If the latter, have they been selected for elimination on reasoned economic grounds, or merely because they are small? Or finally, and we ask this rather sadly, is it an economic crime to be small, and are we to look forward to an era in which anybody whose factory is not equipped to turn out as many different kinds of goods as the factories of his largest competitors will be told in kind language by the Administrator of Sundry Items to shut up shop and go join the army?

All-Out for War

See article by G. C. Whittaker, page 6

Dangerous Men

FROM the reports of the Winnipeg proceedings of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada we gather that no more useful contribution to the cause of our national war efficiency was made than that of Mr. Pat Sullivan, for two years held in internment as a danger to the state, and subsequently released after a hearing which was only obtained by very vigorous efforts on the part of those who believed that he was no such danger. This paper was never able to demand specifically the release of Mr. Sullivan, for the good and sufficient reason that it was never able to obtain the slightest knowledge of the evidence upon which the Department of Justice was acting when it decided that he was dangerous; there was always the possibility that that evidence might be adequate, although there was always also the possibility—since found to be a certainty—that it was not. All that we could do, therefore, was to urge the application of the fullest possible measure of the ordinary judicial scrutiny to whatever evidence there might be, a demand which when ultimately granted led to the decision by a reviewing committee that the evidence afforded no reason for supposing that Mr. Sullivan was dangerous. Since he came out, Mr. Sullivan seems to us to have proved very conclusively that instead of being dangerous he is extremely helpful.

An overwhelming majority of the press of this country took, throughout the period of the internment, the view that having been treated as a danger to the state by the Justice Department, Mr. Sullivan must be a danger to the state, and that that was all there was about it. The newspapers which took this line thereby gravely increased that distrust of the press which was beginning to be felt by large sections of the wage-earning population; and if that distrust of the press goes on growing, and eventually leads to demand for the complete socialization of the press, or for very close control of its operations by the elected representatives of the people, these newspapers will have nobody to blame but themselves. We trust that this will not happen, for we should regard it as a most serious menace to liberty; but it is perceptibly nearer to happening than it was ten years ago.

Now that Mr. Sullivan is released and therefore respectable, the same press has decided to try and build up a new "dangerous man" in labor ranks in the person of Mr. R. C. McCutchan on account of a phrase which he was alleged to have used in a speech to the Winnipeg convention, to the effect that in certain circumstances the workers would be justified

(*Continued on Page Three*)

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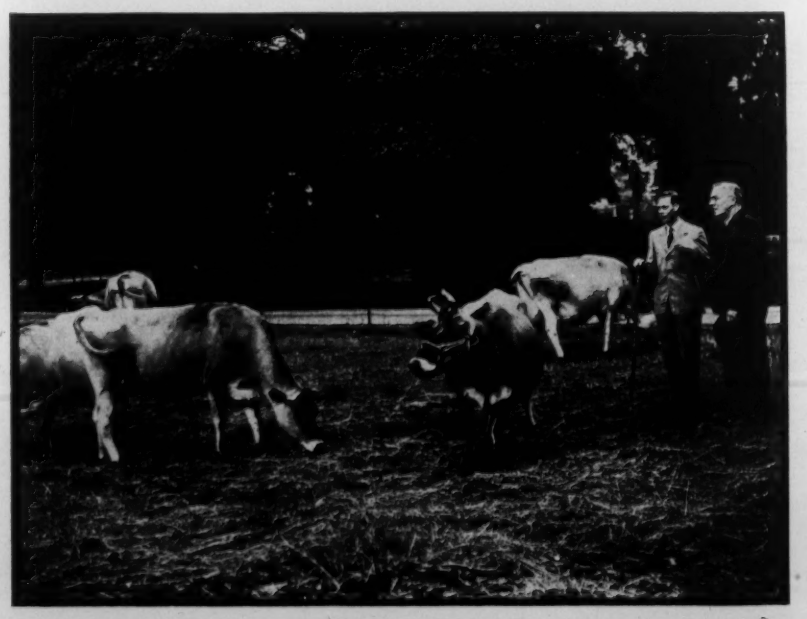
As she enters her fourth year of war Britain's harvest is the biggest in her history. All available land has been intensively cultivated by 300,000 farmers and thousands of allotment holders working small plots in their spare time. The King's farm at Windsor provides an outstanding example of British agriculture at war. Of the total of 541 acres, 300 are now arable — three times the area ploughed in 1938. Pictured above, his Majesty with his manager, examines a fine stand of barley.

In addition to field crops the Windsor farm produces Yorkshire pigs, and boasts two fine dairy herds of pedigreed Jerseys and Shorthorns.



DEAR MR. EDITOR

High Schools and Farm Aid

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

BY NOW parents of high school students are inescapably aware of the late opening of schools. Granted that some parents take an interest in their children's schooling, most have not been in the habit of much thought about their children's schools. The schools are there, their children attend them, and that is that. Also parents today have quite a time to make ends meet and there is much else to think about.

What we should be concerned with now is this: In the days ahead of us, and when the conflict is over, we shall need many straight and able thinkers. Whence will such men and women come? Today these men and women of tomorrow are getting their training in our schools. The school today is more important than ever before. For there the leaders of tomorrow must become aware of the world and their responsibility in it. Every capable child should receive the maximum of up-to-date training.

In Ontario 107,000 high school students will go back to school late this fall. Out of this number roughly 20,000 are or have been working on farms and quite a number of these are farmers' children. In Toronto we have about 14,000 high school students and roughly one thousand have responded to the farm emergency call. Faced with these facts, how do we feel about the postponed opening of schools?

In the whole of Ontario 5,000 girls were placed on farms through high schools, and 1,800 worked as farmerettes during the summer; 6,000 boys got farm employment through high schools.

The lack of workers on farms in harvest time is an old problem in our Province. Waste has been the result of this lack. Today all of us know that we should harvest everything, that nothing should be wasted. If we lack help, should the schools provide it? Have they provided it?

The figures given above tell the story. Should we therefore make drastic changes in educational policies during this emergency?

Which age-groups are most desirable for aid in man power emergencies? Should the whole high school population be lumped into one, or should the students of the upper classes alone undertake farm aid as their contribution to the war effort? Just to open schools late does not help. We should know how many emergency farm workers are needed. Perhaps during the school year the older high school pupils could be informed of the nation's needs. Perhaps they could be even given some theoretical training. City children would need all the information that could be given. And it would do them all a great deal of good to know more about farms and have some experience there. But we need an effective plan. We need greater co-operation between the school authorities, the government and the parent. And the farmer who needs the help might well be instructed about the proper feeding of working school children.

At the same time, as we face the emergencies and as the school is willing to help, we dare not lose sight of the primary aim of the school. Those who have lost valuable training time because of farm aid must have intensive and special attention to catch up lost school days. We should start organizing young farm workers now. We should plan for the farm needs of the coming spring and fall now.

(MRS.) ALEXANDRA DAVIDSON.
Toronto, Ont.

Dr. T. R. Glover

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN a recent issue there appeared a review of Dr. T. R. Glover's latest book, in which the reviewer referred to him as "a Baptist minister".

Dr. Glover is not, and never has been, a Baptist minister. He is the son of a Baptist minister, and a very distinguished one; for his father, Dr. Richard Glover, was a famous preacher in the city of Bristol, England, for many years. T. R. Glover chose education as his field of labor, and not the ministry; though he was advised by his father to preach as often as he felt like it and had opportunity to do so. He has followed this rule throughout his life and has become known as one of the most famous lay preachers in the English-speaking world.

When the late Lord Tweedsmuir accepted the degree of Doctor of Divinity, honoris causa, from Emmanuel College, Victoria University, he remarked that he was one of the very few laymen in the world to be granted a D.D.; and he reminded Convocation on that occasion that Dr. T. R. Glover, Public Orator of Cambridge, was one other layman who enjoyed that distinction.

Ottawa, Ont. E. H. S. IVISON.

Fighting and Forgiving

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR recent editorial entitled "Fighting Psychology" suggests a difficult problem which people are reluctant to face, but about which it is important for them to make up their minds. This is the problem of how hatred of the enemy can be reconciled with the basic Christian principles of love and forgiveness, the forgiveness of wrongs "darker than death or night". (I am quoting Shelley, not Jesus, but the principle is the same.)

I take it that we are all agreed in detesting the Nazi regime, and a *Weltanschauung* which does not recognize the concepts of reason, justice, and humanity; but I must confess to impatience with the prevalent cant that the Allied Nations are fighting for the preservation of Christianity and for the achievement of ends as worthy as they are vague. According to our mentors, clerical and otherwise, this war is in one respect exactly like the last one, namely, in being different from all other wars, a war for liberty, democracy, the rights of small nations, peace on earth, and the Lord God Almighty.

Well, let the catchwords pass. At all events when the war is won and the Nazi demon exorcised, we shall be confronted with the same question as before. How are we going to treat the Germans? Shall we wreak vengeance or make friends with them? If we cannot decide this question, it will be the old story over again—a peace which is not harsh enough to destroy the power of the enemy, yet at the same time a peace vindictive, humiliating, and hypocritical enough to make a real and lasting reconciliation impossible.

Is the Christian theory that evil can be overcome permanently only by good, that enemies should be forgiven, a theory which must never be put to the test? John Stuart Mill (in the "Essay on Liberty") says that we have an habitual respect for the sound of the precepts contained in the New Testament but "no feeling which spreads from the words to the things signified and forces the mind to take *them* in and make them conform to the formula". I was reminded of this passage a few weeks ago while reading the editorial page of a Toronto newspaper. Side by side were two editorials, the one maintaining the importance of doing evil to the Germans after the war, the other, the importance of believing in the Virgin birth as an historical fact. Comment would be superfluous.

There is small use in talking about the regeneration of church activities, religious instruction in the schools, etc., as long as our religion consists in saying one thing and believing the opposite. I am not in the least concerned at present with theological dogma but with feeling and conduct, in which genuine belief is shown. If it is right for us to hate the Germans (or the Japanese, for that matter), then let us renounce Christianity and concentrate exclusively on ruthlessness and destruction. That is one way of overcoming the Nazis. But let us not overlook the fact that it involves transforming ourselves into super-Nazis.

Hamilton, Ont. G. C. HADDOW.

The British Way

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. P. C. Armstrong, the people of this country CAN have decent housing at a price those of them with average incomes and less can afford. After all, it was fairly conclusively shown at the National Conference on Housing in Toronto in 1939 that half of us couldn't even afford as much as $25 a month for rent! Far more than labor costs is our expensive system of finance and amortization; yet a remedy is possible within a democratic framework of free enterprise. The British example furnishes proof.

In Britain, public responsibility for the building and renting of low-cost dwellings was admitted as long ago as 1851. The tremendous steps taken since have resulted in the most comprehensive housing legislation in the world. In the period between World Wars I and II, the number of new dwellings erected reached the enormous total of 4,000,000. More than half were put up through some form of government assistance to public authorities, building societies and private enterprise. Unassisted private enterprise was responsible for the remainder. That the latter was able to construct such a large number of houses is evidence that the activities of the government were in a field untouched by conventional real estate and building practice. Subsidies—please note, Mr. Armstrong—made up a very small percentage of the usual annual budget. In 1932, a representative year, exactly 1.7%!

We can achieve as much here if we're courageous and intelligent enough. Not by advancing outmoded arguments of pseudo-plausibility against at least *investigating* a solution to our serious housing situation, but by listening to experts like Dr. Faludi, then making our own conclusions on the basis of facts. Logical, isn't it?

Montreal, Que. J. F. C. SMITH.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

in threatening to sabotage the war effort. What Mr. McCutchan really said is uncertain; but if he used any such phrase it was unquestionably in a highly conditional sentence, for he is among the most ardent advocates of an all-out war effort. When he has more experience at being reported by a not too sympathetic press he will realize the danger of using such phrases even in conditional sentences, for the conditions have a habit of getting left out of the condensed report.

The Universities

WITHIN a week or two the many universities of Canada will be re-opening their portals to a multitude of ambitious youths. It is well that readers should pause to reflect that on the character and intelligence of these youths (of both sexes) the future of Canadian civilization largely depends. It is a platitude, but a significant platitude, to say that universities exist to form character and develop and enrich the natural intelligence of students who enter their doors.

The institutions devoted to higher education begin another academic year, at a time when the impact of the war on Canadian social life is being felt as never before. The conflict has affected the current and future plans of all universities; but it would be one of the greatest of calamities that could befall this country if higher education were abandoned altogether, as certain fanatics never trained to do any real thinking sometimes suggest.

In the world conflict so far the splendid service the universities perform in developing bewildered adolescents into brave and self-reliant young men has been magnificently proven. Up to date the death toll taken of Canada's enlisted men has not been high as compared with the same period in the last war; despite the fact that hazards of training are immensely greater. But it so happens that an unprecedentedly high percentage of graduates and undergraduates of Canadian universities are included in the roll of the fallen. This is especially true of casualties in the Dieppe raid. The tragic lists refute the superstition, too commonly held, that devotion to study makes "sissies" of young men.

There was a time, not so long ago, when disillusion and disgust with the economic situation prompted young men in many of the higher seats of learning in Britain and Canada to forswear patriotism. That movement became but as a cry in the night once the conflict was upon us. In truth educated youth was more swift to grasp what Hitlerism meant, more headlong in zeal to combat it than those of the elder generation. One of the finest thoughts presented in the appealing film play "Mrs. Miniver" is the development of character in the young Oxonian Vincent Miniver. It is typical of the reactions of students throughout the English-speaking world. Daily we have the proof before us that Canadian universities have helped to rear a noble, unselfish and resourceful generation.

Active Satire

KURT HAMSUN, the Norwegian writer, is 83 years old. Under normal circumstances he would be entitled to respect, not only on account of his age, but because of the quality of his life's work. Some years ago he gained the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Now he has offended his countrymen by his open support of the Nazi invaders, and is not respected for anything. Norwegians refuse to read his books. They go farther. They take his volumes, old and new, off the library shelves and send them back to him.

Last May the postmaster at Grimstad, Norway, appealed for extra assistance. The book-post had overwhelmed him. Parcels had come by every mail, all addressed to Kurt Ham un. Besides, many people not wanting to waste postage, brought their contributions at night and tossed them over the hedge into the Hamsun grounds. It is said that many thousands of books have been returned to the author in these and other ways and that the old man is considerably flustered. Public opinion, apparently, undervalues his talent.

His thumb-nail biography in Who's Who, which he certainly saw in manuscript, if he didn't dictate it, declares that he had no "education." In view of his political views one must admit that he has no taste, a much more pitiable lack.

Meanwhile, those who have heard that Norwegians as a people are stolid and short of humor may well suspend judgment on the point, and the boycotted author has been spared the anxiety of Christmas shopping. He can give Quisling, and other friends, autographed copies of his works.

IN OCCUPIED TERRITORY

Turn Off the Switch

IT WAS cloudy one day last week. Long before the normal era of twilight you couldn't read or sew in your house, you couldn't tend your factory machine properly, and so the lights went on with a unanimity that was alarming to the Hydro-Electric authorities. They had expected a heavier demand by October 1 and warnings had already come from the Power Controller in Ottawa about what would have to be done about that time. But here the emergency was already, and to meet the difficulty a number of war-industries were cut off for three hours. There was a deficit of 100,000 horse-power.

That must not occur again. In order to prevent it the Power Controller has issued a decree to compel economy in the use of electric energy in all areas of Canada where there is a prospective shortage. For the most part the decree affects commercial lighting, street-lighting and electric heaters as used in factories, public buildings and offices. It is believed that with these forced economies the situation will be eased.

But a further shortage looms. When the dark days of November and December come there may be no reserve. For that reason the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario is appealing to all private citizens to set up, for themselves, a rationing system. They are asked to use only one lamp in the living-room, to get rid of dark shades and clean the dust off the bulbs, to turn off instantly every light not immediately in use.

The housewife is urged to turn off the heat as soon as the kettle sings, so that it will come to the boil with stored heat, to use only one element at a time on the stove, unless unavoidable, to be sparing in the use of hot water, to keep hot-water taps from dripping.

There are a hundred ways of economizing in the use of current and every good citizen is expected to use them all, even to the turning off of the radio when the program doesn't please you.

It seems foolish, doesn't it, when you consider how little energy you use, even with everything on full-blaze? But it is one way of saving no less than 150,000 horse-power, enough to keep four factories going, each as big as the John Inglis Company's machine-gun plant, the largest in the Empire. Every mickle maks a muckle.

Why wasn't the Hydro prepared for this? It was. Since 1938 fifty million dollars has been spent on new construction. Heavy increases in power are coming from Beauharnois and the Maclaren plant on the Ottawa. More energy is being found in the Niagara. But when the load has gone up by seven-league strides, and new sources of supply can not be developed within two years the onus is on the consumer to do his bit at once, and to keep on doing it.

There is no black-out in Ontario as there is on the Coast cities of Canada, so that source of economy is shut-off. It might, conceivably, be necessary if the demand of the vital war-industries could not be met otherwise. But meanwhile, no household will suffer by the economies suggested. And the machines will keep running.

The Undisciplined

STORIES are running about; how this woman bought three baskets of peaches "for canning", with the regulation-amount of sugar, and then didn't can; how that person is getting gasoline; how another is enlarging her coffee ration. Some of these tales may be false, but in general, we fear, they reflect too well the peacetime habit of well-to-do people, fiercely individualistic and resentful of control.

Now things are different. It will be a shock for some well-bred, well-dressed and socially acceptable woman when she is brought to Court for some "trivial" disobedience, fined a hundred dollars and clapped into jail for ten days. That is exactly what will happen. And some self-sufficient, arrogant man who by special influence with the Party has gypped the Government before and thinks he can do it again may have a rude awakening.

In peacetime, Governments on this Continent are flabby and easy-going. Offenders get off too easily. But in wartime Government must be tough and people must be disciplined as they have never been disciplined before. After three years of war too many people are still as they were before the first gun was fired. Dunkirk didn't warn them. Dieppe hasn't altered their thinking-habit.

We hear of a couple in Calgary who have always gone to the Coast for the winter and are going again, and not to the Coast only, but to Vancouver Island. For them there are no dangers. Pearl Harbor is not a warning and the shelling of Estevan Point on June 22 is not a portent. Gwen Cash who lives in Victoria has more sense. She quotes Senator Griesbach talking to ladies staying at the Hotel "Why don't you go back east of the Mountains where you belong? The military don't want you here. Go home."

But the Calgary couple, like ten thousand others in all the cities of Canada, believe that a war cannot and must not interfere with their own sweet wills, to travel, or to have more sugar than they are entitled to, or to dodge their income tax by a little mild perjury. O Lord, how long! Must we be bombed and blasted to a bloody pulp before we wake up?

THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

A PUBLISHER is announcing a new four-volume edition of sermons by Rev. Francis Grimke of the 50th Street Presbyterian Church, Washington, D.C. There's a fine Christmas present for Stephen Leacock.

•

LOFTY COMPOSITOR

When the proof of This Column is set down before us
The linotype artist who set it is named.
A feeling of gentle compassion steals o'er us
Lest he might have made errors and so might be shamed.
But experience shows that his typesetting goes
As smoothly as Tennyson's little brook flows.

He does the whole business with never a slip
But he scowls at The Bard when we happen around
As if he would say to us, "None of your lip!
Get back to your kennel where poems are found.
My work is too tough, setting up all this guff
To be bored by the author. I've trouble enough."

And The Bard, who is sensitive, sidles away,
Unfolds his clean hankacher, dries up his tears
And leaves the composing-room, solemn and grey,
And sits at his desk till discouragement clears.
But some day, no doubt, he will bull-it, (the lout!)
And then won't we bawl that proud type-setter out!!

AFTERMATH

Now Bill Whitney remarks with his lip all a-curl
"The feller who sets up your stuff is a *girl*."

•

Clam Harbor is a spot in Nova Scotia. Our affection for clams (in chowder) has brought on the resolve to see that place some day.

•

NEW MEASUREMENT

The scen'ry was certainly rummy.
There was too sharp a chill in the lake.
The cooking was poor, beds were crummy.
Night-parties kept all hands awake.

But that was the place they selected
With care for their brief holiday.
The good spots they knew were rejected
Being too many gallons away.

NICK

•

Says a Beauty expert, "There is nothing which will permanently remove hair but the electric needle." Judging by the look of the average audience in an average church such needles must be frightfully plentiful.

•

In a New York advertising column we note this unhappy juxtaposition:

"Practical Nursing. Day and evening classes."

"School of Journalism, Times Building."

•

DENTAL ROSARY

To Dr. Arthur Whoisit

The teeth you've filled within your den
Mean piles of pain and woe for me.
You fill them o'er and o'er again.
My dentistry, my dentistry!

Each tooth a pearl, each pearl a hole.
You plug the hole with golden bung.
I stick it out, and sprain my soul.
Then am I stung, then am I stung.

Oh, memories of jab and screw,
Oh, rubber dam and nervous chill!
I scrimp and save the whole year through
To pay the bill, de-e-a-r heart, to pay the bill.

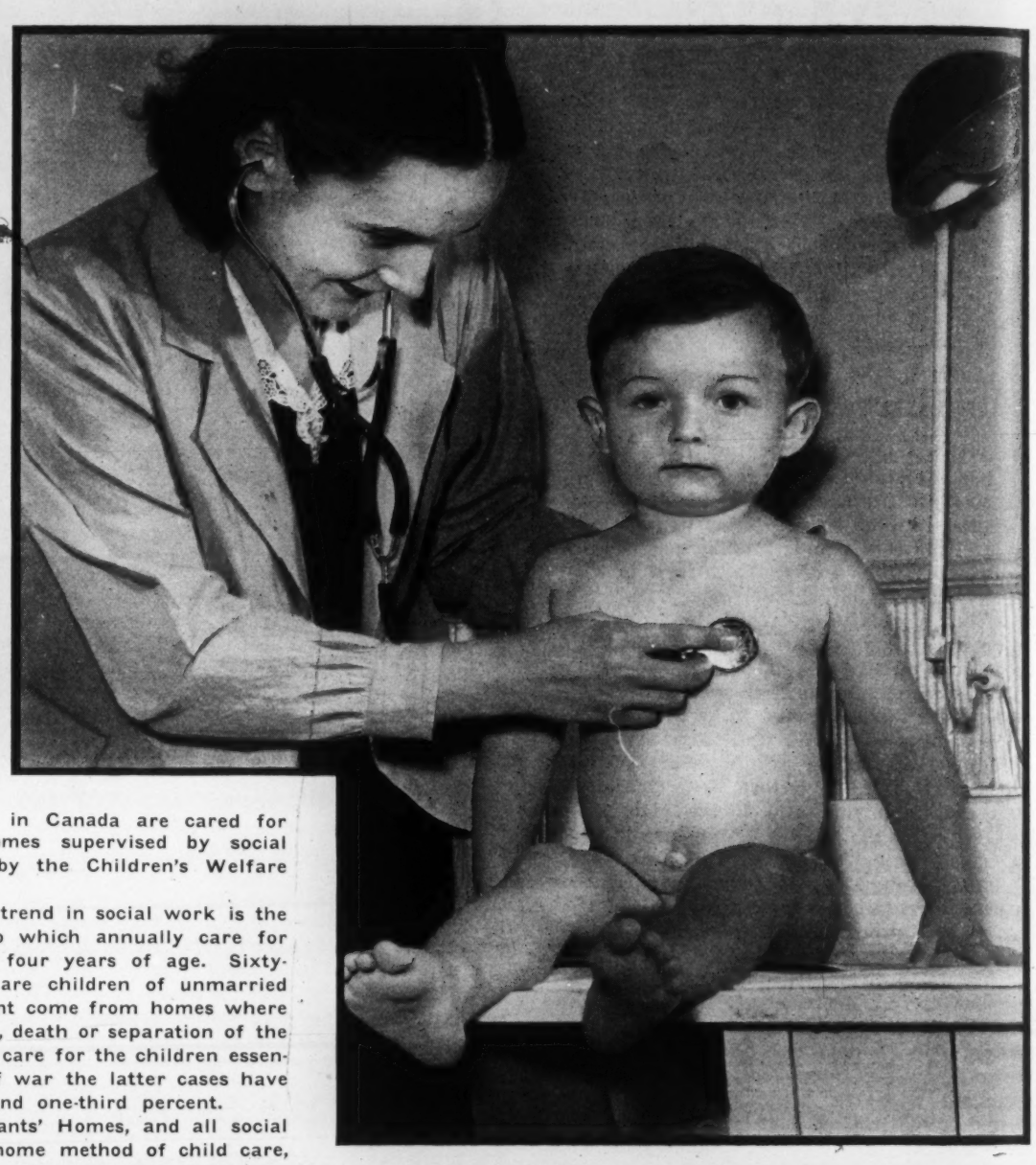
H. V. F.

•

It seems that nowadays in our lunch-counters a fellow can't get mustard on his ham sandwich unless he asks for it. If anybody thinks that a half-inch of pickled cucumber is a colorable substitute he's in error.

In Wartime, Need Grows for Good Foster Homes

New clothes for the little girl temporarily in her care are chosen by a foster-mother at Infants' Homes office.



Children under care of the Infants' Homes of Toronto receive regular physical examination by the staff doctor.

AT least 12,000 children in Canada are cared for annually in foster homes supervised by social agencies, it is estimated by the Children's Welfare Council, Ottawa.

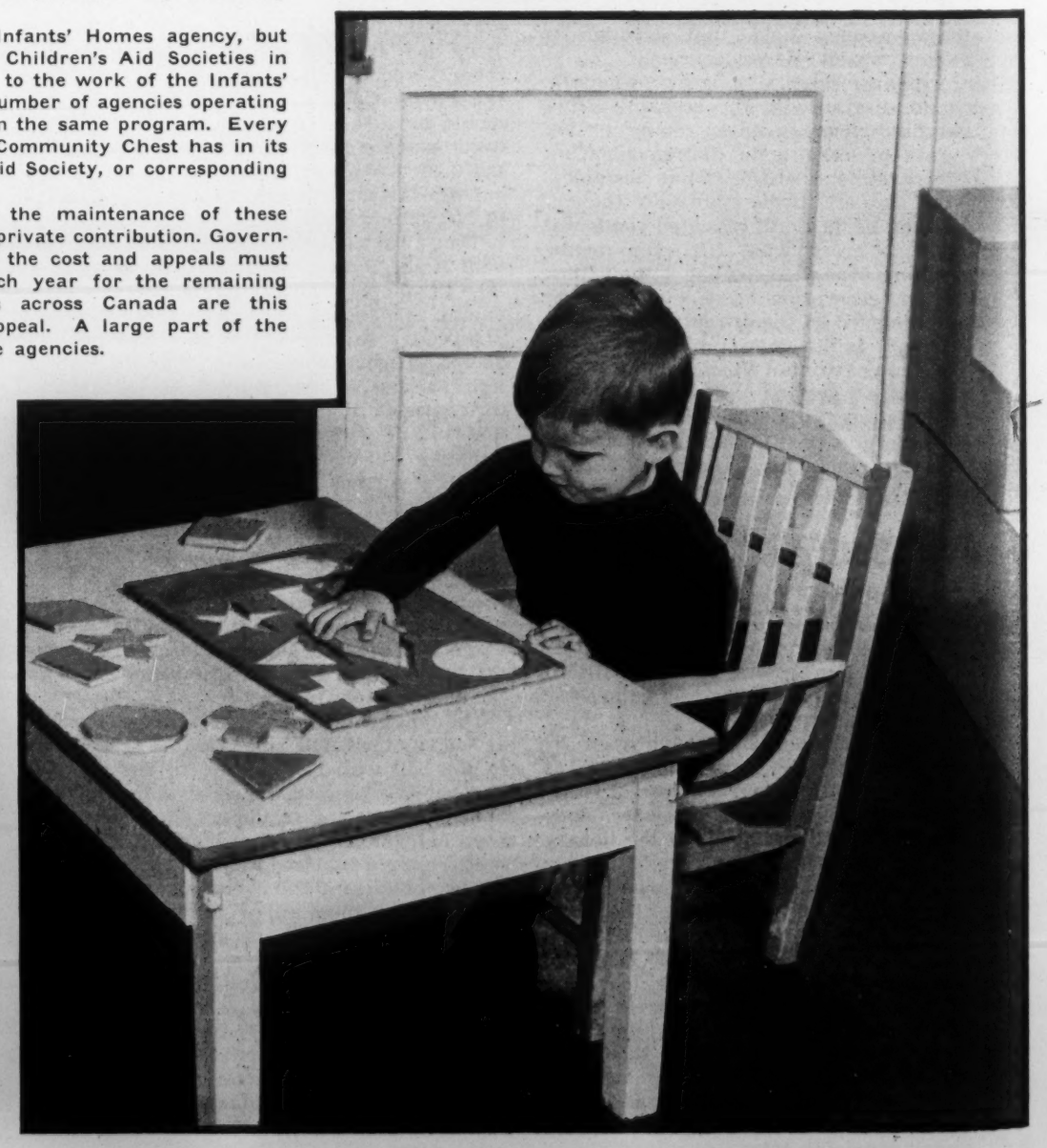
Typical of this modern trend in social work is the Infants' Homes of Toronto which annually care for some 1,000 children under four years of age. Sixty-five percent of the cases are children of unmarried mothers. Thirty-five percent come from homes where marital difficulties, sickness, death or separation of the parents makes foster home care for the children essential. Since the outbreak of war the latter cases have increased by thirty-three and one-third percent.

Problem facing the Infants' Homes, and all social agencies using the foster home method of child care, at present is the shortage of such homes, caused by various war-time circumstances. Women who engage in this work are paid the cost of care for the child. Clothing and regular medical attention is provided by the social agency.

Not all cities have an Infants' Homes agency, but there are some ninety-five Children's Aid Societies in Canada doing work similar to the work of the Infants' Homes and, in addition, a number of agencies operating under other names carry on the same program. Every city in Canada that has a Community Chest has in its membership a Children's Aid Society, or corresponding child care institution.

Not all the money for the maintenance of these social agencies comes from private contribution. Government grants cover part of the cost and appeals must be made to the public each year for the remaining funds. Community Chests across Canada are this month making such an appeal. A large part of the money will go to child-care agencies.

Her mother in hospital, father overseas, no relatives to look after her, a little newcomer to Infants' Homes care plays happily until a foster mother is found her.



Getting his rating. Many child-care agencies engage psychologists to determine child's i.q., aptitude, etc., important in cases where adoption may be arranged.

Hitler Planning to Divide the United Nations

BY HENRY PETERSON

Hitler now realizes that he cannot win the war, says Mr. Peterson, so his aim is not to lose it.

His campaign in Russia this year is primarily to secure pawns for a negotiated peace, which, however, can only be achieved if, by a psychological campaign, he manages to divide his "Atlantic" enemies, Britain and America, from his "Eurasian" enemies of Russia and China.

The peoples of China, Britain and Russia are now proof against any Axis grand chicanery, but what about the peoples of this North American Continent? Being unbombed, we are the weakest link in the psychological chain of the United Nations.

Mr. Peterson passionately warns us against allowing Hitler and Tojo to stimulate our Four Schisms—our political, social, economic and religious particularities—which will be the target of the coming Axis campaign to divide the United Nations.

THE object of Hitler's limited military offensive in Russia this year has caused intense speculation, but it is now surely clear as day?

It was to lay the foundation for the most deadly campaign he could launch against his superior enemies, which he hopes to bring to a climax in the spring. And his deep act of deception in laying this foundation has succeeded—he has got us to fix our eyes on Stalingrad, the Caucasus, and Egypt and fill our minds with their capture as his prime objective.

He wants to make his enemies think that he believes he can win the war by their capture, whereas the truth of the matter is that when he failed to crush the Russian Army last year, he realized the Axis could not win the war.

The next best thing for the Axis is, of course, not to lose the war, by achieving a negotiated peace, and this can only be if it is able to divide the "Atlantic" half of its enemies, Britain and America, from its "Eurasian" half of Russia and China. Therefore, Axis grand strategy is now bent on achieving this division.

The peoples of China, Britain and Russia are now proof against Axis grand chicanery, but what of the unbombed peoples of this North American Continent? We form the weakest link in the psychological chain of the United Nations, because we are still divided by our beloved schisms—political, social, economic and religious. Let us realize that these schisms will be the target of the Axis campaign to cleave the United Nations in two.

Until this campaign across the Atlantic Hitler had prepared all his offensives off the battlefield and then launched them on the battlefield. This campaign is being prepared on the battlefield to be launched behind the fighting fronts.

It is aimed at your mind and mine. It may still be a limited offensive for Tojo, but it is Hitler's supreme campaign—merely to avoid defeat. So Hitler's present military offensive in Russia and those coming in the Middle East can only be for defensive purposes — not only to obtain raw materials but, strategically, to secure as many rich pawns as possible for the sweetening of his "reasonable" offers, his "civilized bargains."

His tactics, I believe, are not difficult to foretell. On receiving the first rebuffs of the United Nations, he will threaten to destroy civilization with a "secret weapon." This Teutonic bluff will be bellowed to the world not with the hope of frightening Churchill, Stalin, Roosevelt or Chiang Kai-shek but us, the unbombed peoples, so that our powerful unscrupulous isolationists and fearful money grabbers, big and small, might stampede those of us who care more for our schisms than justice and common sense into demanding a negotiated peace.

Stand Like the Army

Well, the fighting men of the British Commonwealth have thwarted every military offensive of Hitler's aimed at final victory, yes, even when only a handful of boys had to withstand seven years of German preparations. Will we, the army in white collars, overalls and colored frocks of this North American continent, be able to fight off his insidious propaganda as our men in uniform have so gloriously fought off Axis tanks, dive bombers and submarines in a thousand encounters from Pole to Pole? It is Hitler's hope that we will not. What have we to say on the matter?

Right from the beginning, let us be clear on one thing, brutally clear—we will need to give all the heart and brains that is in us, each one of us, to a study of this paramount matter. And Tojo, holding his fabulous pawns in the Pacific, will, naturally, take a hand in this attack on our unity, however insincere be his offers of compromise.

The need of this study will be apparent, I believe, if we but examined something in our daily thinking which we nearly all take for granted to be valid—the habit of dividing ourselves into optimists and pessimists over the war. This examination will give us an indication, an almost terrifying indication, of how we take the evils arising from our schisms for granted, as though they were as immutable as gravity itself.

Surely the person who divides people into optimists and pessimists over the war is a contributor to confusion? A thing either is or isn't. Our war situation is either favorable or it isn't. What have our puny hopes and fears to do with it—with this starkest of reality hanging on delicately-balanced and ever-changing ponderables and imponderables which most of us will be unable to measure for any given time even if they were all put before us when the war is over? But while the war is on, it is surely far more one's duty to attend to one's own morale by properly assessing events than to go pilloring one's neighbor, who has the virtue of faith besides, as an optimist, as though he were a lunatic at large.

Need for Faith

In a war faith is, of course, open to both sides to draw upon in equal measure, yet the basic factors may give one side constant reason for a deeper draught than the other. And, pray, is a man to fight or work better by having little faith in the cause of his own side? What a philosophy of fear! What a millstone on the spirit! What an invitation to disaster! And, pray, is being a so-called optimist going to make him fight or work less well? What a lack of all knowledge of human nature!

"It is safer to be a pessimist," said a pink intellectual to me the other day. Safer? For what? To be conditioned for defeat? What, load a man or woman down with gloom, irrespective of what the truth is, and he or she fights or works better? If we are to be defeated, let us at least have had the fun of defiance. (Only those with a defiant temperament, by the way, can be the phoenixes of disaster). And if we are to win as quickly as we can, only "optimistic" fighters and workers can supply the necessary dash of the spirit.

Surely the thing to be in war is a warrior, whether one handles a bayonet, a needle, a lathe or a pen—to have the warrior's heart? Isn't the object to fight to the death? Well, then, how can a burning, surging, all-out faith hinder a man or woman? How can it create "false" optimism? It can only if there is unwillingness to fight to the death, if deep in our hearts we harbor thoughts of compromise, which is not prudence in total war. It is suicide.

Warriors or Worms

If we are not willing to fight to the death, and, if necessary, burn our boats like the Russians at Stalingrad, twice in a generation, then we are worms. Let no true patriot, no true fighter, be told that his actions, his faith, must be circumscribed by worms. So let us stop this thoughtless chatter about optimists and pessimists. Yes, in war, there are only warriors or worms.

Having, I hope, cleared up this minor but persistent cause contributing to the greatest of our evils, confusion, let us, who mouth the Four Freedoms, look at our Four Schisms which feed this evil like four mighty rivers of pollution roaring through the land.

Why have so many among us been vulnerable to Hitler's subtle shafts for ten whole years? Because we have allowed him to play on our weaknesses caused by our personal vanity, greed and fears, and these proud personal particularities are the very viruses producing our Four Schisms. No matter what the schism, whether political, social, economic or religious, both sides among us are acting only on pure mental or emotional bias, for neither side *knows* the absolute answer to anything political, social, economic or religious. Both are merely cherishing pet prejudices which have been unconsciously absorbed or directly received by injection. The standards, gauges, "truths" we apply to them are only relative, pitiably limited by our personal intelligence, knowledge and character.

But there *is* something absolute in civilized human existence, something we *know*. It is the difference between Right and Wrong—that is, what is right conduct and what is wrong conduct when we allow ourselves to be untrammeled human beings and not marionettes jiggling to the pull of our ismic prejudices. In other words, when we listen to the "still small voice" that is in all of us, the black sheep excepted, yes, when we allow our conscience to break out of the ismic bedlam we have created for ourselves with our political, social, economic and religious prejudices.

Only when we do that, when we are not activated by what we don't know but insist is the truth thanks to personal vanity, greed or fears, only then can we see how deceptive indeed is any ismic conviction.

These personal particularities Hitler's coming campaign is going to stimulate, in order so to confuse us that we will see virtues in a negotiated peace. Already he has made many millions on this North American Continent dubious of the rightness of the United Nations' cause, even though 200,000,000 agonized, bleeding and starving men, women and children in Europe and a similar 150,000,000 in China can testify to its rightness, and as 140,000,000 on this North American Continent would were the Axis to win.

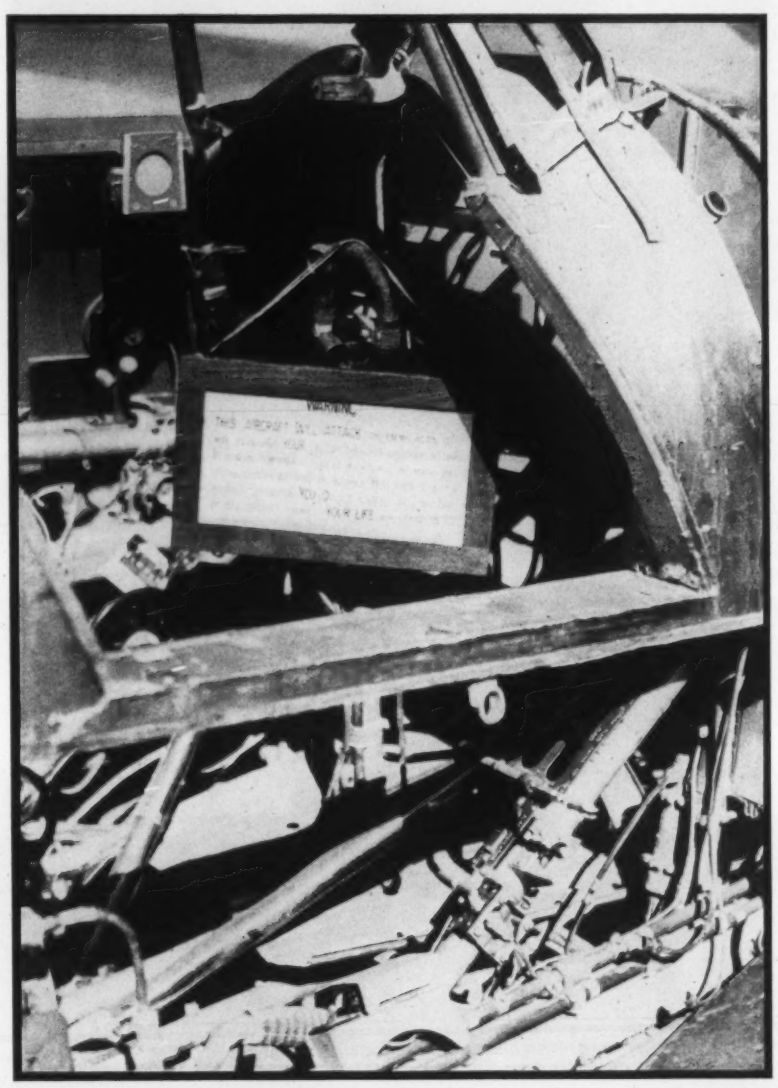
Must We Help Axis?

Therefore, must we gratuitously help the Axis in its coming campaign to divide us from our "Eurasian" allies by persisting in the antagonisms, the disunity, arising from our Four Schisms, whose ultimate consequence can only be the conquest, the enslavement, the reduction of this North American Continent to the present condition of Poland?

Can some of us really not see this simple truth? Alas, too many millions do not, and the reason is that they refuse to be circumscribed by any absolute standards of human conduct, because their ismic tabloids, being devoid of essential humanity, warp their judgment and blind them to right conduct.

Well, the United Nations are going to win this war. These unseeing millions can jeopardize their future if they must.

But the subtle Axis assault will soon be upon us in full force, and we with essential humanity can alone meet it, yet, not having been bombed, we are ill-prepared. So let us prepare ourselves, and the way is simple—by re-tooling our minds to make sure that we will be warriors, one and all, in our day of trial. Not only will we then shock the enemy but we will join the company of the Chinese, British and Russian peoples, who have made a noble thing of life, because the Four Freedoms mean more to them than the Four Schisms.

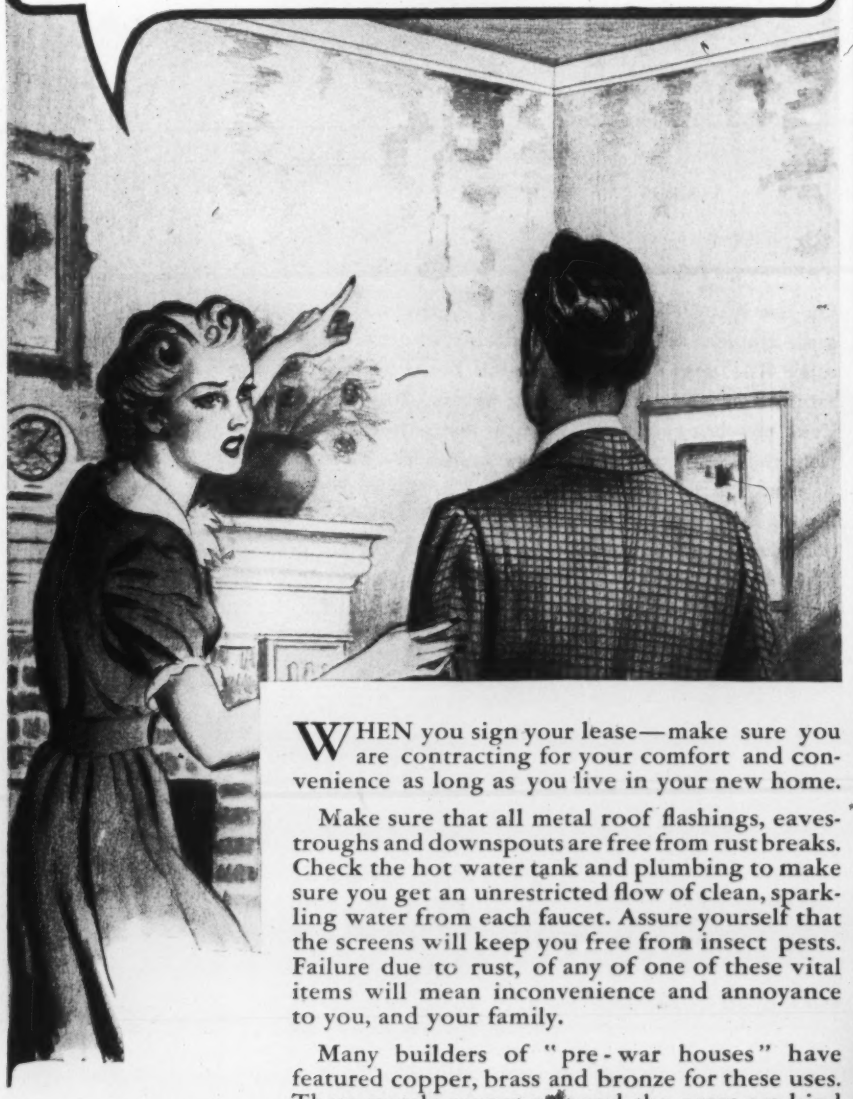


On the Middle Eastern front, as all the world over, the authorities have their troubles controlling souvenir hunters as is indicated by this damaged RAF plane in Egypt which bears a sign reading: "Warning! This aircraft will attack the enemy again. It may even save your life or the lives of other soldiers. It is now temporarily disabled but it will be made serviceable again as soon as possible. How soon it will be repaired depends on you. Do not interfere with any part of this aircraft. Remember! Your life may depend on this aircraft flying again." A recent statement by the British Air Ministry told of the extraordinary care taken by RAF authorities to repair planes brought down in combat and apparently the practice is to display such signs as shown here in order to discourage souvenir hunters. Note the neat wooden frame which encloses the sign.

"Down with Hitler and his gang of murderers." That's the way these German prisoners-of-war in Russia feel about it. Pleased with humane treatment accorded them in their Russian prison camp, they are at work on a poster which will thus express their sentiments about the Nazis.

Outlining the target: an unusual picture taken as the guns of an RAF Hurricane fired a burst of 1600 rounds at night. To secure the luminous effect, a proportion of one tracer bullet in four shots is fired.

Oh Jack, why didn't we look at the roof, before we signed our lease?



WHEN you sign your lease—make sure you are contracting for your comfort and convenience as long as you live in your new home.

Make sure that all metal roof flashings, eavestroughs and downspouts are free from rust breaks. Check the hot water tank and plumbing to make sure you get an unrestricted flow of clean, sparkling water from each faucet. Assure yourself that the screens will keep you free from insect pests. Failure due to rust, of any of one of these vital items will mean inconvenience and annoyance to you, and your family.

Many builders of "pre-war houses" have featured copper, brass and bronze for these uses. These metals cannot rust and the years are kind to a house that is so equipped.

A *recently built* house may not offer all these features, since today huge tonnages of copper and its alloys are needed for war production. But, in a new house, you can expect a reasonable trouble-free period even though less durable metals than copper and brass have been used.

In the *future,* though, remember—the house built with copper, brass and bronze will always cost less to live in—will always contribute more to the convenience and comfort of yourself and your family. For these rustless metals will always symbolize a well-built home.

ANACONDA Copper and Brass

Anaconda Copper & Brass

THE OTTAWA LETTER

Speed-Up Coming in All-Out Industrial Mobilization

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

THE honeymoon period of accommodation between the requirements of wartime economy and the interests of civilian industry and business is ended and the not-too-happy couple are settling down to the cold realities of married life for the duration. Wartime economy (for convenience let's personify it as Donald Gordon) lifted his quivering bride across the threshold of their pre-fabricated bungalow last week, put her down and announced gently but quite firmly that he was head of the house. She could like it or lump it, but in either case it would be good for her.

Scotsman that he is, Gordon had taken the lady home to her mothers' for the last week of the honeymoon while he went down to Washington to look over the American scene (she had seen Washington). What he saw there satisfied him that he could come back home and put his bride in her place without any fear of her being able to plague him with allusions to the happier lot of her American cousin, civilian business below the border.

The big shots of United States war economy from the President down had put on a regular he-man's party for him, thumped his heavy shoulders and assured him that he was setting the right example for all wartime bridegrooms and that henceforth they themselves meant to follow it so firmly that his well-ordered Canadian home would be secure from any Yankee inflation intruders seeking to seduce his business bride.

What Gordon Needed

It was just the assurance Gordon wanted. Ever since the betrothal last December he had been looking over his shoulder at the passes American inflationists were making at his lady, fearful that he would never get her to the altar. He returned from Washington convinced that if she attempted misbehavior he could spank her with impunity.

The release from worry over Washington's former playboy approach to anti-inflation action comes just when circumstances are requiring Gordon to regulate his marriage with civilian business in a manner to provide for the increasing transfer of manpower, electric power, materials and service facilities to war uses. He has put his morning coat away in mothballs, rolled up his sleeves and started in to do just that. Civilian industry is going to have reason to remember that the marriage service retained the word obey. There's no more time for cuddling.

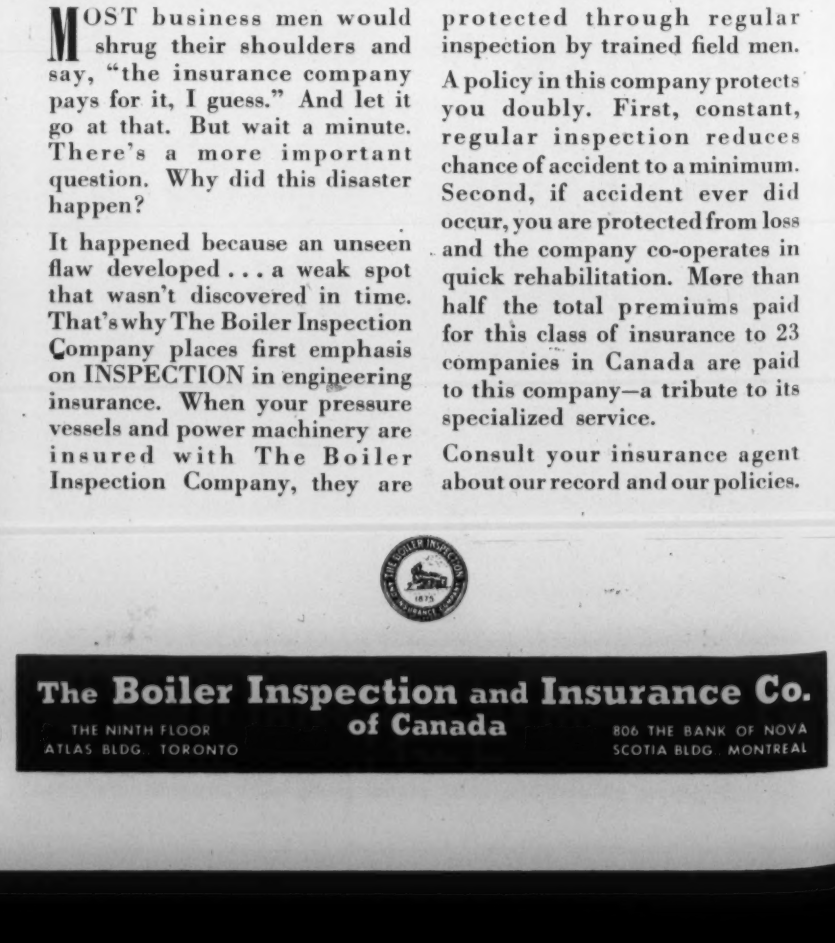
Up until now Gordon's concern in connection with the curtailment of business and industry has been mainly for reducing production and distribution costs of consumer goods as a protection for his price ceilings. To accomplish this he created a simplified practices division of his Wartime Prices and Trade Board. Its job was to bring about economies in production and distribution. Now he has the larger job of making civilian industry disgorge manpower and other essentials of expanded war industry and the simplified practices set-up and methods are out-moded.

Curtailment Czar

So he has established a more comprehensive department of his price control organization to make a direct approach to curtailment and contraction of non-essential enterprise. Business probably is pleased that it is headed by one of its own men who is held in high respect for his organization abilities—Robert Chisholm, who is advanced from the job of administrator of wholesale trade.

Of more general interest and significance in relation to total war economy than the operative machinery for imposing curtailment is the fact that from now on the lives of Canadians are going to be pretty much governed by two men, Donald Gordon and Elliott Little. For the head of price control and the director of selective service are combining forces for this curtailment of civilian enterprise. The two controls are being tied together by a joint committee. Little will determine what workers are required from non-war business and Gordon, acting through Chisholm, will contract that business in a manner to release them.

But civilian industry will have a chance to draw its own pattern of curtailment. Each industrial group will be invited to set up a committee of its own to determine how much manpower it can release and how it would like to curtail in order to release it. If it cuts its pattern to fit Little's needs that pattern will be formalized by the Gordon Board and enforced by an administrator under Chisholm. If it tries to hedge,



Rear-Admiral F. R. G. Turner, Royal Navy's new Engineer-in-Chief. As such he takes vice-admiral's rank.

Who pays for this mess?

MOST business men would shrug their shoulders and say, "the insurance company pays for it, I guess." And let it go at that. But wait a minute. There's a more important question. Why did this disaster happen?

It happened because an unseen flaw developed . . . a weak spot that wasn't discovered in time. That's why The Boiler Inspection Company places first emphasis on INSPECTION in engineering insurance. When your pressure vessels and power machinery are insured with The Boiler Inspection Company, they are protected through regular inspection by trained field men.

A policy in this company protects you doubly. First, constant, regular inspection reduces chance of accident to a minimum. Second, if accident ever did occur, you are protected from loss and the company co-operates in quick rehabilitation. More than half the total premiums paid for this class of insurance to 23 companies in Canada are paid to this company—a tribute to its specialized service.

Consult your insurance agent about our record and our policies.

The Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. of Canada

THE NINTH FLOOR ATLAS BLDG. TORONTO

806 THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BLDG. MONTREAL

Chisholm will make the pattern for it. And so that everybody concerned can have a hand in the matter, Little is insisting that these industrial committees represent workers as well as management and ownership.

The contraction plan for the newsprint industry has been worked out already somewhat in this manner, the industry being consulted by the newsprint administrator as to how it should adjust itself to the loss of electric power being transferred to war plants. After they have consumed their existing woodpiles by the use of half their present power supply or less, big paper mills on power systems which feed war industry areas will be closed down and their customers shifted to mills on power systems which do not or cannot supply power to war plant communities.

The newsprint plan goes further and sets up a cash pool into which mills allowed to produce at more than the present average of production for the whole industry (around 75 per cent counting in the operation of newsprint machines in the drying of sulphite) will pay the cash or profit value of all output in excess of the average and out of which mills curtailed or closed down will be compensated for the cash value of the volume of production by which they are curtailed below the average.

Whether an effort will be made to apply this method of equalizing the effect of curtailment over other industries will depend mainly on the industries themselves.

Retailers' Hours

One curtailment idea has struck a snag and the corner store about which we were concerned last week may not be disturbed by shortened hours for a while. When it became known that the proposed curtailment went as far as to include the fixing of 11 o'clock as opening time for all retail stores, protests began to pour in, not the least persuasive being from newspaper publishing interests which envisioned a big drop in the circulation of morning papers which help to carry to the public the information about wartime economic controls which the control authorities are anxious to have disseminated as widely as possible. The Gordon Board people listened to reason and Mr. Chisholm in his new job is presently sitting on the store hour plan.

But Mr. Gordon and his collaborators are unhappy when they look about the country and see what they regard an unnecessary multiplicity of retail outlets, involving lack of distribution economy. They would like to do something about it, but the furthest they have gone yet is to institute a study of the situation. The next step might be to refuse licenses to people proposing to open new stores in fields already adequately served.

Having satisfied himself that Washington really means to do something this time about inflation which will go a long way in underwriting his own price control structure, Donald Gordon might be able to go happily about the business of curtailing civilian enterprise if it were not for the nigger Jimmy Gardiner keeps on introducing into the woodpile.

The Minister of Agriculture was still in the West, according to report, looking over Saskatchewan provincial election prospects, when the Cabinet gave its approval to the Gordon Board proposal to shut off entirely the commercial export of cattle, which meant the end of U. S. prices for any Canadian cattle. The plan was designed to remove the incentive which caused cattle men to hold their cattle off the market as soon as the quarter quota volume had been bought in at U. S. prices. It looked like a way of remedying the beef shortage over a period, the previous plan of buying in the quota cattle having failed.

Wear Gordon Down?

But it isn't working very well because cattle men apparently think they can wear Gordon down and force him to jack up the wholesale beef ceiling enough to give them a higher price for their steers if they keep on holding them back. And they seem financially able to make the experiment, because not only are they not selling cattle but they are coming to market and outbidding butchers and packers for the few that trickle in and taking them back to the farm.

And in these operations against the beef ceiling the cattle men have the blessing of Mr. Gardiner. He tells beef-hungry people, in effect, that they can have beef now if Gordon will enable the packers to pay more for the farmer's steers or they can wait till spring for their roast beef and pay more then.

A tough lad to get into a fight with, this Gardiner man. The only way to beat him that we can see is for Mr. Ilsley to adjust his income tax so that Mr. Gardiner's farmer constituents won't be so flush that they can afford not only to carry over their own steers but to buy in those of the few who are willing to sell at prevailing prices.

Failing something like this Mr. Gordon is going to have a hard time maintaining his beef ceiling. But then Mr. Roosevelt has included a jolt for farm product prices in his current move against inflation, which, when it comes through, should strengthen Gordon's hand against Gardiner.

Operating an AA battery while clad in rubber coats and gas-masks is an unpleasant but necessary part of the training British ATS girls must go through. Here one of them "tests" for gas during an alarm.

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Together with every other part of Northern Electric, the Illumination Division is directing its major effort toward the supplying of war needs. Illumination for war industry — for Navy, Army and Air Force — is vital. This means, then, that until the war's end — until Victory is won — the house owner, the home builder, will understand that *his* needs have been subordinated to a far more important objective — the full-out war effort of a company whose every division, every department, every worker, is striving to work as hard at home as our forces are fighting in the field.

WORKING FOR VICTORY AND SAVING FOR VICTORY!

Shown at the left is F P Labey, an electrical engineer of the Illumination Division. Mr. Labey is one of the thousands of us Working for Victory through all-out War Effort—and Saving for Victory through continuous and regular purchases of War Savings Certificates.

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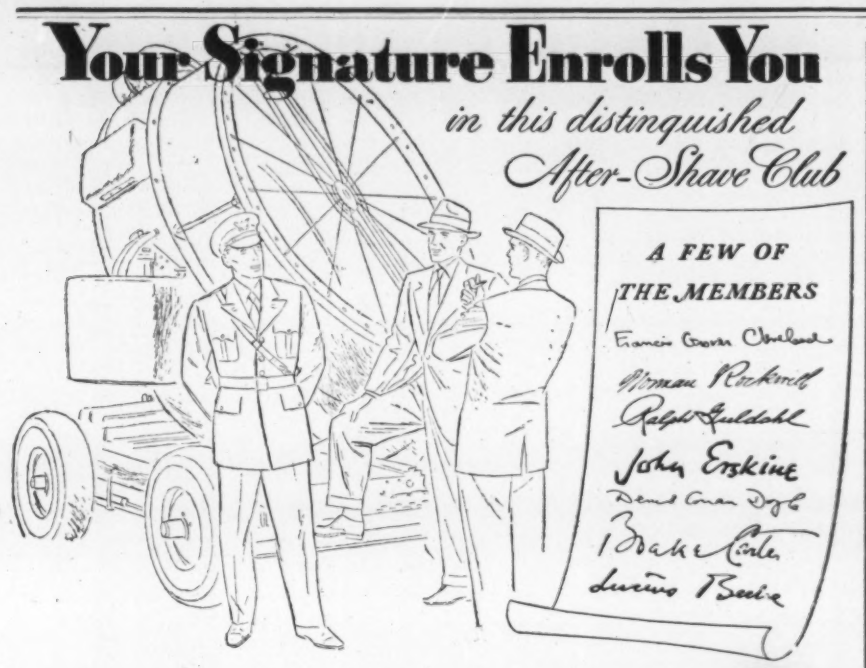

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This "Freedom for India"

BY F. D. L. SMITH

There are a good many misconceptions about "India", which never was a nation, and has come steadily nearer to becoming one with every succeeding year under British tutelage. Mr. Smith sets himself to clear up some of these, and to show that Gandhi's teachings have nothing to do with either liberty, democracy or Western ideas of common humanity.

India is not held by the sword, is not milked for the benefit of British administrators, and is not as a whole at all anxious to get rid of British peace and British order.

TOO many newspaper correspondents continue to talk of the time when Britain "will give India her freedom." What has Britain been doing for generations but educating the people of the great dependency towards self-government and extending to them fresh instalments of political sovereignty as fast as they were able to take it?

Of these facts plenty of evidence is to be found in statements by such eminent Americans as the late President Theodore Roosevelt, Julian Hawthorne, Katherine Mayo in her book "Mother India," and Patricia Kendall in "Come with Me to India". These two volumes, published in the last few years, present vivid pictures of India which no Canadian student interested in the present war should fail to read. They are still obtainable at leading booksellers and in the public libraries. I also recommend Lord Elton's "St. George or the Dragon" and Sir Norman Angell's little brochure, "Who Owns the British Empire?"

But for England there would never have been such a country as India. When the English began to trade in that part of the world it had long been the scene of internecine warfare, race fighting against race, and religion against religion, these struggles being punctuated by ruthless invasions on the part of neighboring conquerors.

The English brought order out of chaos, and ever since the Pax Britannica has prevailed. India was never conquered by the British and it is not held by the sword. As elsewhere, British merchants went to trade, and, having set up trading stations, had to preserve order. British rule was extended gradually, and, for the most part, reluctantly. British leadership has given India much that India would not have had without it. It even gave India itself, for, as I have already said, there was no India before the British went there—only a sub-continent of warring peoples.

In addition to internal peace the British introduced Western science, and a century and a half of honorable administration. Nearly 110 years ago the British began to train and install Indians in public office. Acts, as far back as 1833, prohibited a color bar for any public post. Since 1861 Indians have been entering the Indian Civil Service in free competition with English people, and to their progressive elimination. As early as 1853, the British Parliament decided to give Indians the education of the West, with its constant emphasis on liberty. Thus was proclaimed nearly ninety years ago the British ideal that the country should become self-governing.

As the author of "Come with Me to India" has said, Britain gave to India the unifying force of a common language, schools, colleges, and the universal right to education; efficient postal and railway communications; protection from famine and plague by the introduction of sanitation and water distribution, which regulated and protected the crops from soil disease, monsoon, and drought. Britain introduced and fostered new industries, so that the inhabitants would not be wholly dependent on agriculture. The British evolved equitable criminal and civil codes, and gave liberty and freedom to every man, woman, and child. In spite of caste and religious quarrels they legalized personal and property rights. When somebody asks; "Why do not the English establish compulsory education?" the answer is that laws have been adopted to that end, but that it would require a gigantic army to drive millions of children into the schools and stand guard to keep them there.

Handful of British

Writers who speak as if India were held down by a large British army overlook the fact that there are only a handful of British officers in India, the British Indian Army being composed almost entirely of native fighters, Mohammedans and Sikhs, who are amongst the best warriors in the world. In a vast population of 400 millions, only one thousand British civil officials are to be found. In the making of laws, the work of the courts, the management of cities, public utilities, schools, hospitals, not one in a thousand is British. The rest are Indian.

If anyone claims that the British milk India to their own advantage, the reply is that for twenty years British India with Britain's concurrence has had a protective tariff on British as upon other imports. India has used her tariff powers over and over again to exclude English products. Even in former days, when Britain still retained control of India's customs machinery, she left the Indian market open to the whole world on equal terms, the British claiming no advantage for themselves.

There is surely no evidence of compulsion here. Under British leadership India's trade has increased sevenfold since 1860. British capital has financed and built 36,000 miles of railway, almost as much as Canada possesses. The British indeed have given Indian transportation, industrialism, educational opportunities and many other blessings which constitute a sound basis for national development. For another thing the population has enormously increased under the British Raj.

Road to Autonomy

Thousands of young Hindus have been educated at Oxford and Cambridge, only to become discontented after they returned home because there was not room for all of them in a civil service already overladen with natives, so the young scholars became agitators. By and large the British have brought the great Asiatic dependency far on the road to autonomy. As The New York *Times* said editorially on August 23 last: "Of fifteen members of the Executive Council, which with the Viceroy constitutes the Central Government in India, only four are British and eleven are Indians. Four Provinces are governed by Indian Ministries, and have Indian Cabinets and Premiers. The other seven could have had the same native control if they wished to have it. It is only because the Congress Party so willed it, and withdrew from the responsibilities of power, that control is not now exercised in all the British Indian Provinces by Indian Ministers and Indian elected legislatures."

It looks, fortunately, as if the Mahatma Gandhi is not going to get

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very far with his civil disobedience campaign. He may be a saint, but he is also an artistic poseur. His loin cloth and safety pin are a part of his carefully considered hypnotic role. He is the most successful advertiser this generation has seen. He is a fakir in the original Indian meaning of the word. In one sentence he breathes forth humility and self-abnegation; in the next he threatens that the Ganges River will run red with blood. Having failed to obtain for his Hindu co-religionists the right to lord it over the Mohammedans and other elements of the Indian population, he blames the British for the collapse of the recent negotiations.

As a matter of fact Mr. Gandhi takes no stock in western democratic ideals. He does not believe in them. He has no use for them. He ridicules the mother of Parliaments at Westminster, and free governments generally, as costly toys. Mrs. Kendall quotes him as saying; "Not only must the elected form of government disappear but so also must railways, lawyers, courts, doctors, education on western lines, machinery of every kind, and manufacturing industry.... Man is so made by nature as to restrict his movements to as far as his hands and feet will take him. If we did not rush about from place to place by means of railways and other maddening conveniences much of the confusion would be obviated. Our difficulties are of our own creation. God set a limit to man's locomotive ambition."

The "Depressed Classes"

Then there is Gandhi's attitude towards the so-called Depressed Classes of his country. He has said that he would starve himself to death rather than allow the 80 million Indian Untouchables representation in an Indian Government. Some years ago the All-India Conference of Depressed Classes adopted resolutions thanking the British Government for its efforts to ameloriate their hard lot, and condemned Gandhi's civil disobedience movement as leading to anarchy. Gandhi is, moreover, on record as attacking Christian missions in India, as objecting to their proselytizing methods and as maintaining that India's "great faiths" are sufficient for her. He wrote as if Christianity were a recent innovation mainly due to British rule and to be expelled with it. As a matter of fact Christianity is not only one of the great faiths of India, but also one of the oldest of Indian faiths. There are about six million Indian Christians.

Some years ago when a scheme for the irrigation and colonization of a million acres of government waste land was being carried out in the Punjab, the British Lieutenant Governor set aside 50,000 acres for the outcasts or Untouchables, offering it on easy terms to any religious or other body which would take on the job of settling them on the land. The first to come forward were the Franciscan Fathers and the Salvation Army, who made a great success of a fine undertaking. Other Christian missions, the Moslems and the Sikhs came along later. Last of all one reformed Hindu sect in Gandhi's crowd showed some signs of interest.

A word should be said in conclusion as what is considered to lie at the root of India's troubles. Fifteen years ago Miss Mayo, the American already referred to, revealed in "Mother India" the terribly degrading influence of child marriage upon the vast majority of the Indian people, that is to say the 240 million Hindus. Four years later Miss Mayo issued a second volume, based on a report on this question compiled by a committee of Indians, appointed by the Indian legislatures. This second volume covers 5,000 printed pages of Hindu testimony, and leaves the reader with the impression that the whole question of child marriage in India, together with most of the Hindu's economic, physical and political woes, rests on the Hindu's way of coming into the world, and upon his sex life thenceforward—that is, his preference for girl children in marriage.

Around this preference, with infinite cunning, the Hindu has planted every form of religious and social protection. The Brahminic law of marriage holds that if a girl child is married before the sixth year her parents go to a first class heaven, that is attain the highest rebirth possible. Every year added to the age of the girl before she is married makes it worse for the father, mother and the whole family in the hereafter.

That the purpose of Hindu child marriage is not empty ceremonial rite, but actual physical union, is adequately documented and established by the evidence given by innumerable Hindu witnesses of all castes from all parts of India. There is an abundance of evidence which reflects the "physical deterioration of the people of India as a whole". A Brahmin lawyer is quoted as saying, "The entire havoc of infant and female mortality in Bengal is due to immature cohabitation." Every succeeding generation of Hindus is therefore weaker than any preceding generation.

For a long time the British Government has brought pressure upon the natives to abandon this cruel and destructive practice—a practice which is rendered particularly holy under the Hindu religion. They have got the legislatures to pass a law imposing a penalty for early marriages but great difficulty has been experienced in trying to enforce it.

MY LOVE, A MIRACLE

A SPIDER danced a cosy jig
Upon his frail trapeze;
And from a far-off clover field
An ant was heard to sneeze.

And kings that day were wise and just,
And stones began to bleed;
A dead man rose to tell a tale,
A bigot changed his creed.

The stableboy forgot his pride,
The queen confessed an itch;
And lo! more wonderful than all,
The poor man blessed the rich.

And so, my love, when you avowed,
"Henceforth, we break all ties,"
Your words were music in my ears,
My laughter shook the skies.

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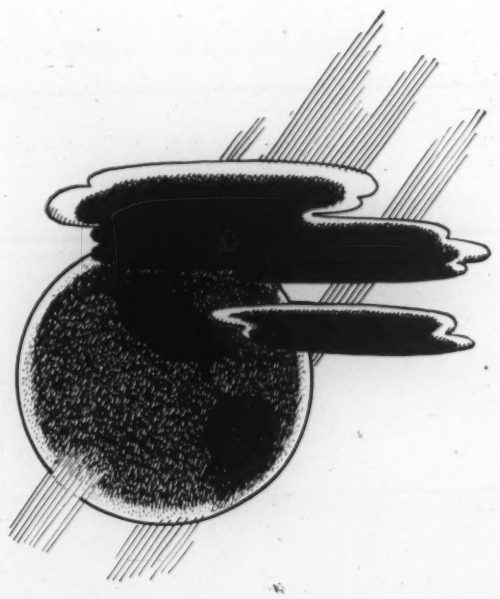

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A Conservative Philosophy

BY FRANCIS FLAHERTY

In Trinity College School, Port Hope, 150 laymen and women of the Conservative party met to discuss what the party meant and what its future should be.

The chief result was agreement on a statement of aims and beliefs summarized in this article. It is remarkable for its philosophical basis, its advanced sentiments on labor relations and social security.

The meeting was strictly unofficial but called with a view to influencing the future course of the Conservative party.

A COMBINATION of idealism and practical political judgment made the Port Hope Conservative conference an event likely to have a lasting influence on Canadian politics. Whether or not it has the result of improving the fortunes of the Conservative party it produced a document which gives political thinkers something upon which to chew.

The document is called a "statement of aims and beliefs." Like the conference itself the document professes to be wholly unofficial but its framers hope it will be, in substance, the platform of the Conservative party. It is likely to be just that for the simple reason that no other assembly of Conservatives, official or unofficial, is likely to put enough thinking into the task of platform-framing to produce anything so comprehensive.

Democracy and God

The document is unique in the literature of Canadian parties in that it reaches back to fundamentals and attempts to embody the philosophical and ethical basis of democracy. It starts with a recognition of God as the "universal centre of order and authority" and links democracy with the conception of God in these words:

"However much we may discuss democracy in material terms, its fundamental values are essentially spiritual. Its true foundation rests in a sense of responsibility towards God and a belief that all men and women have been endowed by him with a sense of individual worth and dignity, are equal in importance before Him and should be secured in equality of opportunity under the law."

Such a conception, of course, is not new. It is to be found in the Declaration of Independence. But at a time when the existing political framework of democracy is threatened with destruction and when there may be a disposition to notice only the material and immediate results of democratic procedure a re-statement of the fundamentals as the basis of a Canadian policy shows that a liberal helping of idealism was thrown into the argumentative pot at Port Hope.

Practical political judgment was evidenced in the organization of the conference itself and in the specific recommendations of the "statement of aims and beliefs" on agriculture and labor relations. The organizers had a plan ready. They had subjects assigned to committees and they had men on the committees who were ready to lead discussion.

Above the four committees which dealt with the war effort, rehabilitation, agriculture and labor relations was a steering or procedure committee which moulded the findings of the four study committees along with the philosophical principles already mentioned into the final document which was unanimously endorsed in plenary session.

Farmers and Labor

The framers of the document were on guard against cluttering up their pronouncement with vote-catching promises but took care to recognize in it the broad aspirations of two large voting groups, farmers and organized labor.

The agricultural planks, if they may be so termed, included encouragement of co-operatives, better agricultural credit facilities through establishment of a central farm bank, a price stabilization corporation.

Under the heading of labor relations the conference endorsed the idea of a Canadian "Wagner Act" which would make collective bargaining compulsory by applying penalties to the employer who refuses to bargain with an organization of his employees, plus machinery for the authoritative determination of the particular bargaining agency which should represent the employees.

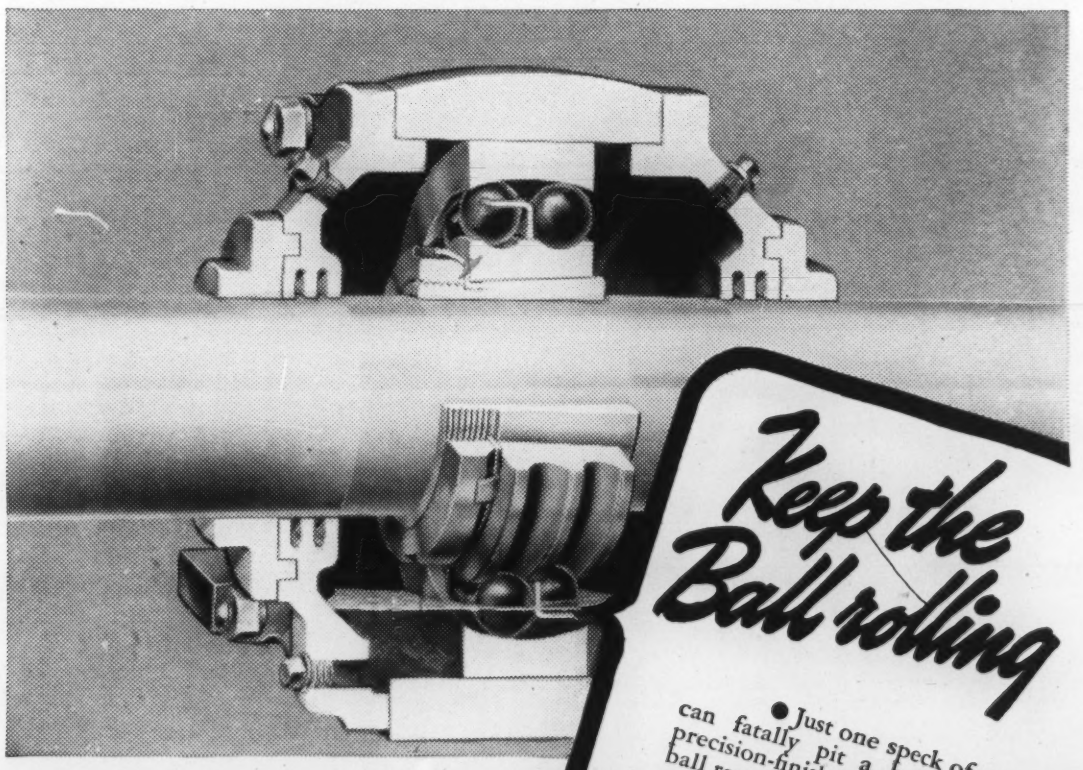
While some of the members of the conference felt they were being rather bold and radical in all this many of them took it simply as a recognition of a state of facts which has been in existence for some time, whether or not completely sanctioned by law.

A proposal which breaks newer ground is that the whole jurisdiction regarding industrial labor relations be vested in the Dominion. This would, in effect, mean the abolition of provincial labor departments which, in peacetime, deal with most industrial disputes.

In the field of social security the conference took long steps in the direction of assigning to the state a greater degree of responsibility for the individual, but at the same time urged "the strengthening of the basic Canadian tradition of individual initiative and individual enterprise and opportunity and the freeing of economic activities from bureaucratic controls."

Possibly one of the weaknesses of the document is that it marks out no clear line of demarcation between what should be state activity and what should belong to private enterprise. Here are some of the things it suggests the state should do: provide full employment at fair and

Here's a man whose peace-time hobby making scale models of aircraft has made him unusually valuable to his country in wartime. He is V. J. G. Woodason and Britain's RAF looks to him to provide many of the very accurate models of aircraft used for training in enemy recognition work. Some of his work is shown.



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All of which, but for the affirmation of belief in the value of individual enterprise, would seem to suggest a closer approach to the socialist ideal than any nominally Conservative group has yet made.

Finlayson Touch

There is more than a casual connection between this and the so-called "Bennett New Deal" of 1935. When, in his last year as prime minister, Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett announced a program of social reform in a series of radio speeches and proceeded to implement it with acts of parliament, one of his closest advisers was R. K. Finlayson of Winnipeg, his principal secretary. The Port Hope "statement of aims and beliefs" of 1942, like the Bennett New Deal of 1935, is marked with a Finlayson touch.

The document does not deal specifically with the problem of Dominion-provincial financial and other relations but, in advocating Dominion assistance to education it follows the line taken by the Rowell-Sirois commission. While recognizing the paramount importance of the provinces controlling their own systems of education, it suggests means by which educational opportunity in the different provinces may be placed on a parity, thus:

"While we approve of the present Dominion assistance for vocational training, youth training and university scholarships, grants for these purposes should be increased.

"The Dominion should give, under adequate safeguards, financial assistance to aid in the field of education, any province in which the per capita expenditure on education is by reason of its financial resources below what is sufficient to afford minimum educational services for the children of Canada.

"The Dominion should establish an office of educational information to advise the government with respect to granting, in the field of education, financial assistance to the provinces and to act as a clearing house for information with respect to education."

Tariffs

Anticipating a greater degree of international economic co-operation after the war than in the past and endorsing the principles of the Atlantic charter, the document does not attempt to chart a tariff policy for the future except to say that the guiding principle should be "the extent to which tariffs contribute to the assurance of gainful occupation and maintaining real standards of living."

As was to be expected the conference made a strong declaration for all-out prosecution of the war, including immediate conscription of manpower for service in any part of the world, affirmed the belief that Canada's future as a free nation can best be secured as a member of the British Commonwealth and recognized "the two cultures (English and French) as part and parcel of our future development."

One of the organizers of the conference said it was designed to give the rank and file of the party a chance to express itself. The people attending were not strictly rank and file although they were without official status either as officials of an organization or members of parliament. The intellectual level was high, there were at least four Rhodes scholars. They were professional men and women, business men, farmers. There were some millionaires and some union officials. Almost all were of middle age or older, but youth, being engaged on more urgent tasks, could not be represented.

Leadership was a lively topic of discussion among individuals but as a group the people attending steered clear of it. Murdo Macpherson's name was often mentioned and many who had heard of but not seen Dr. Sydney Smith, president of the University of Manitoba, were interested in meeting him. It was Dr. Smith's first appearance at a Conservative gathering of nation-wide significance.

A new development in air fighting craft is the German "parachute" dive-bomber, so called. It is the Stuka Dornier 217 which is fitted with a special device described by the few who have seen it, as "a kind of air-brake fixed behind the tail." This is said to unfold when the craft noses downward and acts as a "parachute". The photos here show four stages of a dive and the way "parachute" device unfolds.

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THE HITLER WAR

The Great Question: Will Bombing Beat Germany?

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

AS ONE correspondent wrote from London last weekend, there is nothing new in the question whether bombing will beat Germany except that we are now at last in a position to give it a real try. In 1940 Bomber Command could send no more than a dozen or two planes a night against Germany. In 1941 it had to watch a seemingly endless diversion of strength to ocean and coastal patrol work and to the Middle East; and it was still waiting on big production of its four-motored giants. Only this year has RAF Bomber Command been able to build up the hitting force needed to carry out its long-prepared "master-plan" for smashing German war industry and morale. And American *Liberators*, according to U.S. Under-Secretary of War Patterson, are soon to go into action from British bases.

The *Liberator* will have to sustain the American end of our night bombing offensive against Germany. I say "have to," because this otherwise admirable plane carries only half the bomb-load of the British *Lancaster* and *Stirling*, and considerably less than the *Halifax* and *Manchester*. Yet the *Liberator* is almost as big as the others, has four motors to fuel, needs as many air and ground crew, and takes up as much room on our aerodromes and over the target. This means that an American night bombing force can only deliver half the weight of blow of an RAF formation of the same size.

There seems nothing to do about this, however, as it is the *Liberator* which the U.S. has put into mass production, in Henry Ford's vast and highly specialized Willow Run works, as well as in great new factories in California and Texas. Every *Liberator* squadron sent over Germany will be just so much weight added to the already massive RAF offensive, limited at present to the replacement capacity of British aircraft factories, which have also to provide the high-grade fighters required by the U.S. Army Air Forces in Western Europe.

The prospect does, however, slightly dampen the great hopes which had been placed on the Anglo-American combination, with Britain, as has been often announced, concentrating on fighters and America on bombers, which can fly the Atlantic. Only the gigantic American bomber program could provide the replacements to maintain one or two 1000-bomber raids a week, not to speak of one every night. But as it turns out, the really big bombers which have given our air offensive its special effectiveness lately are only being made in Britain.

The American Bombers

The *Liberator* is nonetheless a splendid plane, carrying a much heavier load than the five years older *Flying Fortress* (4 tons as against 2½), and far superior to anything the Germans used in their blitz against Britain in 1940-41. Fortunately, with the huge American and Commonwealth air training programs we are in a fairly good position to absorb the doubled loss in air crew and to provide the doubled ground crew and factory labor which *Liberators* will need, to deliver the same weight of attack as the RAF's 8½-tonners.

Nor is it as if we were fighting a neck-and-neck race with the Luftwaffe. There has been a spate of talk in the past few days, spurred on by German threats of retaliation and news of new-model German bombers, of a renewed large-scale Nazi blitz against the British Isles this fall and winter. There seems little doubt but that the Germans have been shifting bomber squadrons westward of late, and can shift still more after the flying season in Russia slackens off in December. And we have been aware all this year that they had new and more powerful bomber types, the *Dornier 217* and the *Heinkel 177*.

A German pilot who ran out of gas over the South of England, who said he had a bad back and was afraid of hurting it again in a crash landing in the Channel (but might have been just tired of the war), obligingly set a *Dornier 217* down in Britain a few weeks ago, just as another German brought in a *Messerschmitt 109F* when we were eager to have one. The *Do-217* is a powered-up version of the old *Dornier 17*, or "Flying Pencil" of the Battle of Britain, and is still in the medium bomber class. (*See photo, page* 11).

New German Raiders

The *Heinkel 177* is a much larger plane, about 35 tons loaded, or the same as the *Stirling*, and gives Germany her first really heavy bomber for use against Britain (the *Focke-Wulf Kurier* used for Atlantic raiding is a four-engined machine, but designed with the emphasis on fuel capacity instead of bomb-load, like the *Flying Fortress*). For some time our observers thought that the *He 177* was a big twin-motored job like the *Manchester*, but it has since been learned that it mounts two motors inside each nacelle, geared to the same propeller. It ought to carry 6-8 tons of bombs.

Here is a formidable seeming threat. But the four-night Rostock blitz of last April was aimed at one of the chief factories producing this type, and is believed to have hampered production considerably. With the enormous lead which we now have over the Germans in bombing power we can pursue this line of attack and make it harder and harder for the enemy to get into heavy production of new models.

From what we have seen of American bombing operations since they got their *Fortress* squadrons into action from British bases, they appear likely to pursue such a policy of direct attack against the sources of the enemy air power. The daylight raids by the *Fortresses* have been directed chiefly against enemy aerodromes and aircraft repair factories in Northern France and Holland, but Mr. Churchill and Under-Secretary Patterson have both hinted that they are soon to be extended into Germany.

The disagreement on bombing policy between the RAF and the USAAF widely rumored several weeks ago may amount to no more than this: strategically, the USAAF wants to concentrate its attack against the bases of the enemy's air power (the Tokyo raid was also directed against aircraft factories), while the RAF Master Plan aims at sapping the strength of the entire German war industry. British attention has been shifted, according to the exigencies of the general war situation, from oil refineries to warships at Brest, to submarine yards and engine works, to tank factories (Renault), plane factories (Rostock and Bremen), locomotive works (Kassel), transportation centres (Duisburg, Mainz, Mannheim, Karlsruhe), to steel cities (Essen, Duesseldorf, Saarbrucken), and to the simple blotting-out of important cities (Cologne, Osnabruck, Bremen, Hamburg, Luebeck, Rostock, Duesseldorf, Mainz, Kassel, Emden, etc.).

Tactically, the USAAF believes in high-level pattern bombing, with a special leaning towards *Fortress* attacks by daylight; while the RAF has come around to area bombing by night, with a very high concentration of bombers to "saturate" the enemy's defences, and in daylight favors the very low level, follow-in attack, most sensational example of which has been the *Lancaster* raid on the Augsburg submarine-engine works.

The idea of picking the one supremely vulnerable spot in Siegfried's armor and driving our attack home there for a kill is a tempting one. The American argument is simple and direct: destroy the enemy's air power and he is finished. But in the first place, if you mean by "destroy" to actually wipe out the enemy's aircraft production and plane reserves, that is not an easy task when he has dispersed his production in well-camouflaged units all over his territory, and particularly in the more remote parts of it. And secondly, we have seen in North Africa and in Russia that a strong land force is *not* simply forced out of the field by inferiority in the air. Rommel beat us in January and June in spite of such inferiority, and the Soviets are still very much in the field in spite of air inferiority in each successive battle area chosen by the Germans since last June.

Choosing Vital Targets

It was thought earlier in the war that the enemy's oil supplies offered an even more concentrated target than his plane factories, but in practice it proved that even this was too widely dispersed to deal with effectively (though the size of our bomber force may have had something to do with that failure). The Gelsenkirchen, Leuna and Pollitz synthetic works in Germany and the Ploesti refineries in Roumania have beckoned to British, Russian and American bombers in turn, but still the Nazi tank army rolls on. So theory has had to be set aside and the tank factories bombed, and the steel mills, and the engine works. And Hitler's submarine successes of this past season have absolutely demanded that U-boat yards and engine works be placed near the top of the list for attention.

It is little wonder, then, if the RAF leaders, with all their experience, should have come around to

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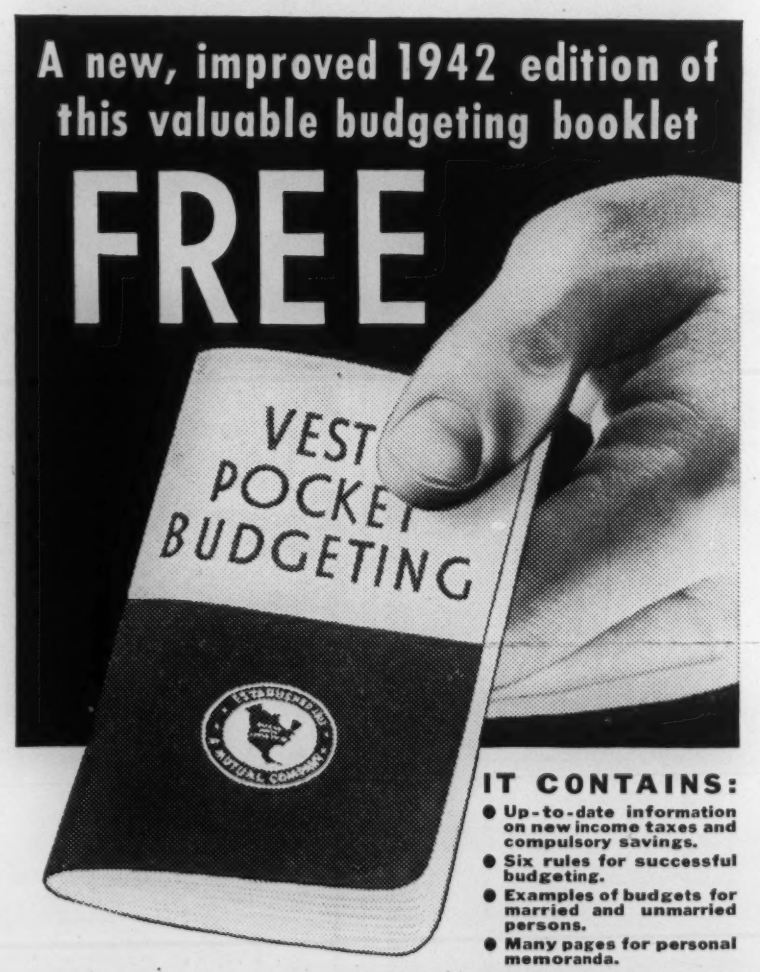

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the solution of just taking the 30 or 40 main German war industry centres and trying to wipe them out one by one by deluging them with a hundred or two "block-buster" bombs and a couple of hundred thousand incendiaries in a night. Perhaps the best criterion of the rightness of this policy is, as Captain Norman Macmillan suggests in *Aeronautics*, that it has made Germany squeal as she has never squealed about any of the other things we have done to her.

This may be because, in area-bombing her cities we are also making a direct attack on her civilian morale, the breakdown of which, Hitler and his fellow-Nazis have never ceased to declare, lost the last war for Germany. Or it may be because the Germans sense that through such an attack we can cause more permanent damage to the German industrial and war-making structure than we would be liable to carry out after the most severe peace. Possibly British bombing policy has taken this more into account than American, and is also considering the broader need of making the German people feel the war in their own country, so that they won't try it again.

Squeal Gets Louder

How are we getting on with this policy of city-by-city destruction? If German squeals are a good indication, quite well. They coined a slogan "Remember Luebeck!" after our opening raid on that small Baltic port (but important as an entry port for Swedish iron ore) last March 28. For Rostock they shouted much louder. By the time of the Cologne raid they were becoming incoherent. Since then the German propagandists have been helped somewhat by successes on the battlefields which they have been able to headline above the reports of RAF raids. But such successes have been fewer and long delayed lately, and with the approaching winter pause in field operations German civilian morale is due for its greatest test of the war.

Even last week a German radio commentator bleated about Duesseldorf that it had been a terrible shock to see this once beautiful city of half a million quite dead, and the people looking as though they were ill. "All that the people of Duesseldorf can do now is work, work, work, or they will never be able to sleep again," was his somewhat illogical conclusion. Apparently work had almost ceased in this great industrial centre, which draws additional importance from the fact that many of the head offices of Ruhr industry are, or were, located here.

A day later a Karlsruhe paper admitted that it would be a long time before that city would be "as we knew it." "Thousands of buildings have been damaged and have to be cleaned up. But there is no reason for the panic of those people who want to leave the city. In fact, there can never be enough civilians to cope with the enormous number of incendiaries being dropped on Western German cities." The same day a Prague paper (German-edited) said that the RAF carries bombs of a size never believed possible before. "The British are moreover in a position to judge exactly the terrific effect and destruction caused by their attacks on Western European cities."

The List of Cities

Undoubtedly our attacks, though at present carried out by forces of 200-600 planes instead of the nice round figure of 1000 upon which our minds seized after the Cologne raid, are extremely effective. Quite a list of cities are being steadily (nine attacks in 12 nights recently) reduced to rubble, being made uninhabitable for millions of workers and their industries damaged faster than they can be repaired. This list, in something like the order of damage: Duesseldorf, Bremen, Cologne, Luebeck, Rostock, Osnabrueck, Duisburg, Essen, Hamburg, Saarbruecken, Mainz, Karlsruhe, Kassel, Frankfort, Emden, Aachen and Muenster.

How much is there to do to finish the job? The job could hardly ever *be* finished, for one thing; and it is rather doubtful if the German people would hang out so long. But there are generally considered to be about 30 big centres which could be reduced, say, with three 1000-bomber raids apiece, on the Cologne pattern; and another 30 which would only need smaller raids, of which the Osnabrueck operation stands out as the pattern. The chief centres which have received little or no attention are Augsburg, Munich, Chemnitz, Breslau, Stettin, Dessau (Junkers), Magdeburg, Brunswick, Hannover and Halle; while Stuttgart, Nuremberg and Frankfort have only been begun, and the whole Ruhr industrial complex from Duisburg through Hamborn, Muelheim, Essen, Gelsenkirchen, Bochum and Dortmund will need constant raiding.

One outstanding target has been left out of the above reckoning: Berlin. There is nothing, I believe, which would give our people or the Russians such satisfaction as a plastering of Berlin, and I have been looking for this week by week since the nights began to lengthen. Last summer we began in July and ended on November 7 with a big raid in which we lost the then appallingly large number of 37 machines, due mainly to icing.

That, as I recollect, is the last time we have visited the Reich capital, so that attention is long overdue. The nights are long enough for our attacks, which now rarely last more than an hour. It may be, then, that the delay is due to a desire to mount an offensive of several nights on the largest scale. And since the losses against Berlin's strong defences must be expected to be high, it would be quite understandable if the RAF were waiting on the participation of the American bomber group, so that the latter can absorb a share of them.

With three big raids on Germany a week, ranging from 300 to 1000 bombers, which ought shortly to be within our power, it might require another year to "finish the job." But as the American bomber force comes into action the weight of our assault will mount and the time be consequently shortened. At any rate, here is a prospect of a Germany greatly weakened by the time we make a landing in Western Europe next spring; and of a German Army consumed by anxiety for its relatives at home. The RAF's Portal and Harris may yet rank among the most foresighted and brilliant leaders of this war.

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CANADA OVERSEAS

McNaughton of the Canadians

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

Canadian Army Headquarters, Somewhere in England.

IN THIS country mansion, now stripped of all charm except that built into the contours of its walls by an ancient architect, they don't talk much about the widely current speculation that Lieut.-General Andrew G. L. McNaughton—"McNaughton of the Canadians"—will be selected to take charge of the second front operation when the assembling forces of Britain, the United States and Canada are ready to establish themselves on the continent.

The matter is talked about everywhere else in the English-speaking world. But not here. Because this mansion is the heart of the Canadian Army overseas, and hidden away among its many planning offices is a plain, rather small and sparsely-furnished room, looking much like a recently-cleaned attic. In it, amid the maps which cover its walls and curl on its tables, sits General McNaughton.

He doesn't talk about anything except the job for which Canada sent him here. And his staff officers take their cue from the chief. They don't talk about anything else. They know how he feels about it. He is at present the servant of the people of Canada, and he is here to devote his mind and his energies to the welfare, in training and in action, of the soldiers the people entrusted to him. It is his function to see that the Canadian Army performs its duty toward winning the war speedily and decisively. He knows no other. And it will take a call of the highest persuasion, perhaps an order from his people of Canada, to make him conscious of any other.

McNaughton the Man

McNaughton is that kind of man. He is one general who allocates all of his duty to his men—and none of it to himself. His job is to help win the war, and his ambition is to go home after it has been won.

War does strange things to some men—especially generals. When war comes to a democracy without a professional military tradition, the trappings of a senior officer sometimes go to men who had small capacity in peace-time pursuits. Often they were salesmen or clerks or struggling lawyers, and they suddenly find themselves with authority and staffs and lavish motor transport. To them war is a leg-up in an otherwise unsympathetic world. They hate war sincerely, but they make the best of it—and sometimes the best of it is pretty good for them. They are excellent soldiers and war has brought out the readiest of their talents. If their trappings were suddenly taken away from them, they would once more be salesmen or clerks or struggling lawyers.

McNaughton is a great man—with or without a uniform. He has mind and stature and humility—he has character—with or without a uniform. He has become a fabulous figure in the Allied world, not because he is a commander of the Canadian Army overseas but by the manner in which he has conducted himself as commander of the Canadian Army. He gains respect without demanding it, he attracts devotion without seeking it. He is a man who envelopes himself completely in his job; and if he has gained stature it is because the job he has done, and his manner of doing it, have gained admiration.

The war may produce a more scintillating general than McNaughton; it will not produce a more impressive man.

It must be comforting for this nervous world to find a war leader who recognizes with alacrity a higher authority. "We in ourselves are nothing," McNaughton remarked the other day. "We are merely an outward and visible expression of the will of the people of Canada."

Consider his views on news of the Canadian Army. "Who are making this war?" he asked with considerable feeling. "The people of Canada are making this war. We are merely an expression of their will. They have a right to know everything that does not bring comfort or information or advantage to the enemy."

To the casual reader this may sound like a grandstand play by a man in the public eye. But to hear McNaughton utter these words is to be convinced otherwise. He hasn't the politician's trick of throwing out a thought with the expectancy of a fisherman throwing out a line. When he speaks he keeps his iron-grey head low, looking at the floor like a shy schoolboy, and his words come slowly, thoughtfully. One does not doubt that he deplores the circumstances which have made it necessary for him to lead an army into the field. Nor does one doubt the passion with which he hates the forces responsible for the war.

He is a gentle fellow turned warrior, a scholar turned strategist, a home body become knight, because a power has arisen in the world to threaten his country and his way of life.

McNaughton the Soldier

So much for McNaughton the man. McNaughton the soldier came out of the last war with decorations and a vast reputation among the general staffs of all belligerents, allied and enemy. In that war he proved himself an able strategist and leader of men. To this he has added in the intervening time a 20-year pursuit of the science of mechanical warfare. He therefore came into this machine war uniquely equipped, for its every test.

In England he was quickly recognized as a master of modern methods. After Dunkerque frantic demands were made for his advisory services in the plans for defending Britain. He organized defences, reorganized others, became a pillar of strength in a badly shaken country. When order came out of chaos and comparative security achieved, he was given a British command and mentioned prominently in connection with the post of chief of the General Staff. By then the Canadian strength was expanding to the status of an army and McNaughton returned to his primary responsibility.

McNaughton has been called "attack-minded." He is. The curl of his lips added emphasis to his words when he answered a query as to whether there would be sequels to Dieppe.

"If anybody thinks we are going to sit here back of a ditch, all I can say is, he's got another think coming."

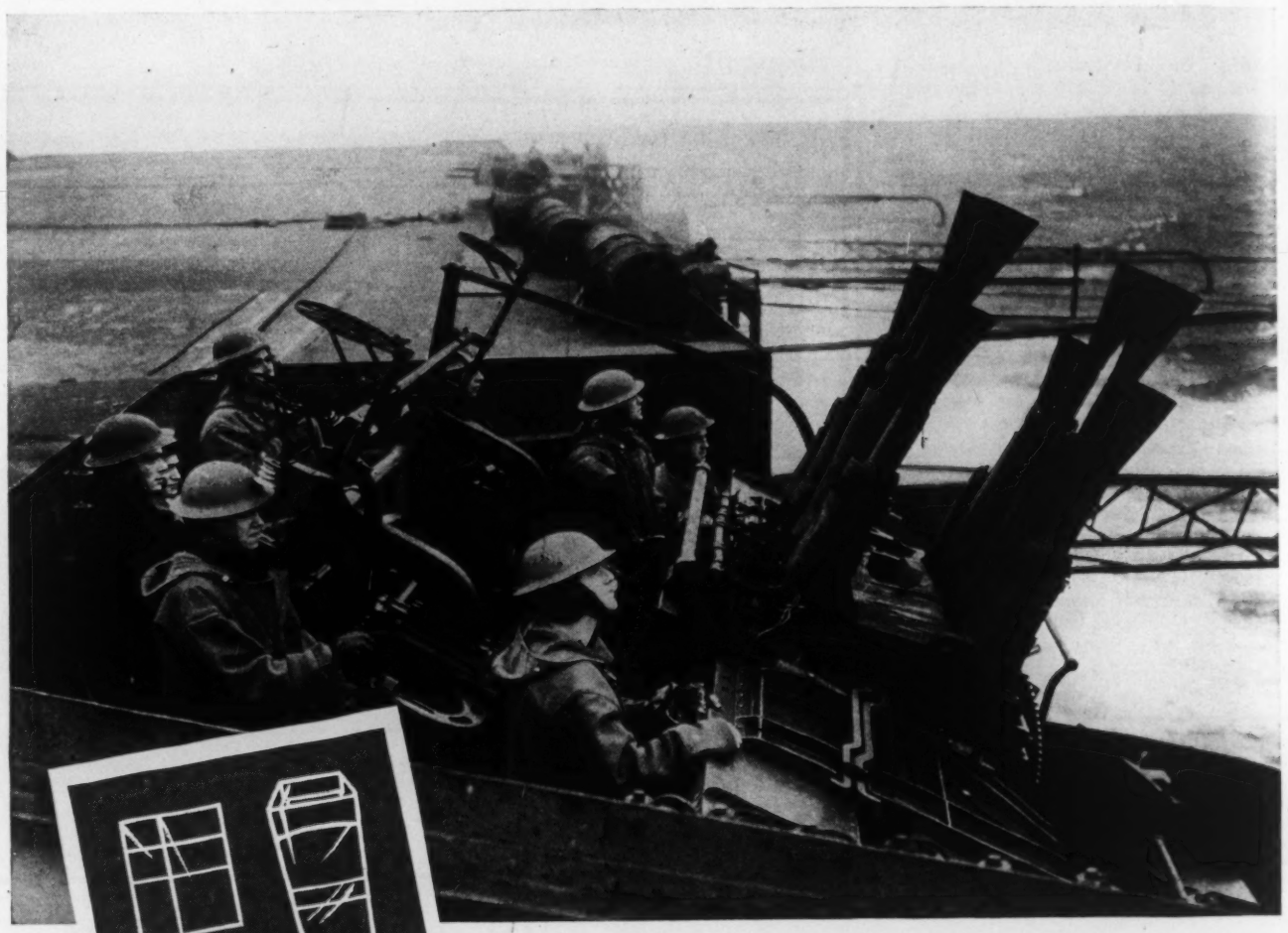
Attack-minded — yes. But McNaughton never forgets the men entrusted to him. He is no hell-bent-for-leather soldier. He has applied a scientific mind to a sense of responsibility and to a lively realization that only attack will win the war. This summation of attitude was finely expressed in his own words as he told of the early plans for the Dieppe raid.

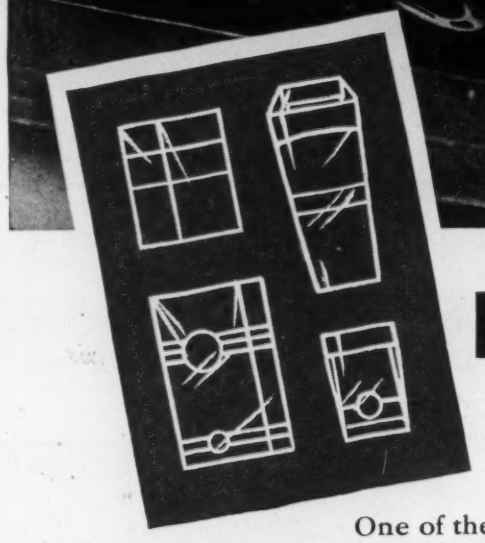
"When the proposal for the raid was made, I asked, 'What are the objectives? Are they worth while? Are the forces to be put at our disposal adequate? Having regard to the hazards of battle, what was the margin of our chances of success? Are we going to have the number of craft to carry out the training necessary to get everything in shape into a co-ordinated operation? Are we going to have at our disposal all the material needed?"

"The answers to these questions were given to my satisfaction by the most responsible authorities in this country and I therefore authorized our troops to take part. . . They were moved and given special courses of instruction. . . They took part in exercises with the navy and air force. . . We found a number of faults. . . We took all these faults into consideration and replanned the operation and practiced it again. . . When the time appeared ripe we went ahead with the plan. Again it was gone over in a final practice. . ."

This, then, is McNaughton. He has fire for the attack, and responsibility for seeing to it that not a life is lost carelessly or for small purpose.

Photo Karsh, Ottawa.
Canada's McNaughton





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THE WORLD OF SPORT

On Winning Friends and Wars

BY KIMBALL McILROY

READ it first in this column. This column's reiterated squawks about sport and the war are being echoed increasingly in the public prints, which are even introducing our question of why the Government doesn't do something about taking a definite stand. Of course there is always the point that it might be best to take a definite stand on the war itself first, but it is a point of no particular relevance here. Our belief in miracles was strained to the limit some time ago.

Now that the subject of sport and the war has become common small talk, however, it is time to forget it. Those concerned are primarily the Government and the soldiers, and neither of these appears to give much of a damn. The Government gets the situation thoroughly muddled and the armed forces, by ignoring it, clarify it again. Perhaps sport is being over emphasized, but the best judges of this are the people who are doing it. In any event, the war isn't being over emphasized.

Helping to make their country invasion proof against the Japanese, these husky Australians, bronzed from exposure to the sun, are delivering high explosive bombs to one of the many arsenals forming part of Australia's defence system. Allied successes in New Guinea of late, however, suggest the expected invasion may never materialize.

THERE will be put on exhibit very shortly for the amusement and edification of the great unwashed the 1942 version of that familiar old thriller, the world series. It doesn't look as if they were going to be able to afford a new cast this year, either. However, there may be still lots of life left in the old one. This column is not going to hazard a guess as to the probable winner. We did that last year, were right, and are still wondering how it happened. A fellow had to drop a third strike to bring it about.

The Yankees, as a matter of fact, will win. They always do. They have learned that if they just stand around and wait long enough someone *will* drop a third strike, or a pop fly, or something. Every time they play a game in which no one commits one or the other of these atrocities they lose.

But in seven games even the best teams will make mistakes. There may be some chronic dissenters who will allege that nobody ever implied that the Dodgers were one of the best teams, but that is neither here nor there. It's not, even in Brooklyn.

But we mentioned before that we weren't interested in the outcome of the series. We may not be, but an awful lot of people are, and the largest percentage of these are in the American army. Now entertainment for the troops is something over which a great number of estimable citizens profess to be concerned. The troops aren't getting enough of it, they say, and even if they are it's the wrong kind and anyway it's not fair to the girls at home.

On the other hand the average civilian is being over-entertained. He has a lot of money to spend and a wide variety of things on which to spend it. He has too many things. The World Series will be just one more.

NOW suppose—just suppose—that the big shots of baseball were to say to themselves: we have seven fine ball games coming up and in seven big army camps around the country there are lads who would give their back teeth to witness them. And suppose they were to do something about this besides say how nice it would be. What would happen? Half a million soldiers would be very happy and eighteen-plus ball players would have the feeling that they had made of baseball something a little more than a good living.

There is, of course, a catch. The soldiers would have neither the ability nor the inclination to put forth half a month's pay for a box seat. To put it simply, the series would lose money. And, if this column is any judge, that rules it out once and for all. Doing things for the soldiers is just fine when all it means is getting your picture in the paper, but when it means putting a dent in your pocketbook, that is, to coin a phrase, a horse of a different hue.

BASEBALL is not the only sport in the world, even though it is allegedly the only sport in Brooklyn that vies in popularity with wrapping guys up in concrete and seeing if they'll float. Here in Canada we have, we hope, hockey. And the facts above hold true in a general way. Particularly the last ones. When the day comes that a uniform will get you in free to a Stanley Cup final cows will fly and politicians will hold opinions. It would be a nice idea, though.

The rugby situation remains unclarified, except insofar as it clears up any lingering doubts that the executive of some of our senior clubs had some guts left. They've thrown in the sponge quicker than Phil Scott's seconds. The hell with morale, the players, and the fans. The show must not go on, not until it looks once more like a paying proposition.

We suggested once, and it was a good suggestion, that service teams be recruited to fill the gaps. It doesn't look as if anything much was going to come of this, mainly because the boys so far are being left to do the whole thing by themselves.

Now the fact that the two big leagues aren't operating is going to leave a lot of rugby interest lying around with nowhere to light. If anyone stepped in quick and caught this interest, they'd continue to hold it after the war and the old leagues would be left out in the cold where they belong. For several years there has been talk of professional (capital "P") rugby. Here's the chance to start it. Lots of money around, lots of fans and practically no competition.

Nothing may come of this either, but if it doesn't then the people who have been talking professional ball and doing nothing about it had better think up some new excuses. And in the meantime those who like rugby had better get out and show it by supporting the two leagues which are carrying on. They've earned it, and just think how the other boys would squirm if the season happened to make money.

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All-Out Education in Canada's Army

BY ANNE FROMER

Picture an educational system whose teachers are the most distinguished educators, military men, and rehabilitation experts in Canada; whose 75,000 pupils are in the army, navy, and air force, in commando units "somewhere in England", in prison camps in Germany and Hong Kong; whose curriculum ranges from elementary readin', writin', and 'rithmetic, to university studies . . .

And you have an educational system that exists in Canada today, that is available to every man and woman of the Dominion's fighting forces, that is directed by the Canadian Legion under the auspices of the Department of Auxiliary War Services,—that in its entirety, represents the biggest and most complex venture in mass adult education in Canadian history.

IN CRAMPED quarters at a German prison camp a young Canadian soldier sits reading at an improvised desk, using the weary hours and weeks and months until war's end in completing his University of Toronto forestry course, interrupted after the third year because the army called.

Aboard a tossing, plunging corvette on mid-Atlantic convoy duty a brawny able seaman discusses with an officer the "required reading" of the economics course he is mastering between watches—"Postwar International Relations". He is beginning to understand that his fight is not only for the safety of one convoy, but for a whole free world. . . .

At Camp Borden an R.C.A.F. man with time on his hands wanders into a classroom where James Marshall, mathematics teacher is taking a class of soldiers. He mumbles an apology and stumbles out, but later returns to talk to the teacher. "I was wondering," he says, "that stuff you were teaching those soldiers—do you think it would help me re-muster for aircrew? I got thrown out first try, too dumb about figures, I guess."

"Certainly," says Mr. Marshall, "I have just the course for you. Come along tomorrow for your first lesson." Next day the airman turns up, with a companion he had persuaded to join him. The day after they are back again—with 28 additional airmen eager for learning. . .

Multiply these examples a thousand fold and you glimpse a picture of a little-known phase of Canadian army life today. A phase which has, beyond its immediate value in making Canadians into better soldiers, a significance that is destined to affect for a generation the civilian life of Canada.

For the Canadian army is the nation's biggest school with a roll call of students in academic, non-military "book learning" sufficient to fill many scores of public and high schools plus a small university. Not all the initials Canada's fighting men win in this war will be V.C. or D.F.C.—there will be a sizeable number of B.A.s and B.Sc's too.

At the other end of the scale of learning are hundreds of illiterates and near illiterates who will emerge to a new appreciation of life because they will be able to read and write.

When the Canadian Legion at the behest of the Department of National Defence, undertook, almost when war was declared, to set up educational services for Canada's armed forces in co-operation with the Canadian Association for Adult Education, it tackled what has proved to be the biggest and most complex venture in mass adult education in Canada's history—to improve the education of thousands of Canadians in the armed forces, by correspondence courses and by classroom instruction.

Visualize the problems that would face the teachers of a vast school attended by 75,000 pupils, all of them distracted by an interest far more imminent than education—the war.

The staff must be prepared to teach more than 100 subjects to students whose previous education ranges from nil—the illiterates—to scholars who need only another year's work for a university degree. The student body includes French Canadians and "new Canadians" of a dozen racial origins, who must be taught English before they can learn other lessons.

Need for New Skills

Add to these complications the daily occurrence of whole classrooms of pupils whisked away 3000 miles—and the principal and staff might well be excused if they threw up their hands, locked the school door, and tossed the key away.

But, far from doing any of these things, the Canadian Legion Educational Services have struck grimly to their objective: "to ensure that men in the forces may add to their intellectual equipment, prepare themselves better for their present and future calling. . . . Since the principal calling of Canadians is today and for some time will be, war, the immediate aim of the C.L.E.S. is to help, wherever required to do so, in providing more efficient fighting men. Beyond that the services aim at laying the foundation for civil rehabilitation. . . . At the close of the war service men will return to competition in a much more skilled community than Canada possessed a few years ago. Many will have acquired skills of which they can make use, but others will be turning to unfamiliar vocations and should in all periods of inactivity be acquiring the knowledge which will speed up their preparation for a new life."

To put these objectives into practice, is the job of a Dominion-wide organization. The C.L.E.S. is a duly incorporated non-profit body under letters patent. Headquarters is in Ottawa, under Lieut. Col. Wilfred Bovey, national chairman; Andrew Moore, deputy chairman; T. A. McMaster, deputy director; and J. W. Gibson, superintendent of the correspondence branch, and a committee of distinguished educators, military men, librarians, and rehabilitation experts.

Their activities are co-ordinated with regional committees in nine military divisions, with a membership of educational authorities, military men and legion representatives. For example, the roster of the committee in charge of the central Ontario region, with headquarters in Toronto, includes: W. J. Dunlop, director of extension and publicity U. of T.; who is chairman; Major I. S. Brake, M.D.2; Dr. E. A. Corbett, Canadian Association for Adult Education; Mr. Burke, provincial secretary of the Canadian Legion; Major J. P. Cowles, Department of Education; A. B. Fennel, U. of T.; Dr. C. C. Goldring, Chief Inspector of Toronto Schools; Col. C. R. Hill, headquarters, M.D.2; Dr. J. B. MacDougall, Department of Education; Prof. Alex. MacLean, U. of T.; Capt. Tom Macladry, Canadian Legion; Major Howard Morwick, headquarters, M.D. 2; Squadron Leader G. R. Rodgers; Dr. E. Stanley Ryerson, U. of T.; Dr. E. T. Salmon, McMaster University; Prof. J. O. Hilhelm, McLennan laboratories, Toronto; and Captain Arthur Harden, secretary.

These committees oversee both the correspondence courses and classroom tuition. They appoint local correspondence course instructors, of whom there are 40 in Canada, and arrange for teachers to take classrooms at the camps.

Teacher-in-Command

The link between the C.L.E.S. and the men in uniform are the education officers. Each fighting unit, such as artillery battery, engineer company, signal company, infantry battalion, naval shore station, and even naval vessel at sea, has an education officer appointed by the commanding officer. In general he acts as liaison officer between the unit and the C.L.E.S. He "commandeers" space somewhere in the camp for study room and library, "encourages" his men by whatever means he thinks best, to study and read, keeps track of students who are shifted, checks students' papers, keeps after them to send in their "home work", and supervises the term tests required from each student.

A man in the armed forces has four ways of "starting school". If classroom and teacher are available, he may simply sign on and attend classes as at public or high school. Or, a number of men may express a desire to study a certain subject, not on the standard curriculum—say Japanese, as actually happened on the West Coast—and the C.L.E.S. will make up a course and provide a teacher. The teachers are recruited from high school and public school staffs, in keeping with the C.L.E.S. principle that all persons doing education work under its auspices be "professionals". Some are unpaid volunteers, others receive a modest honorarium.

Military authorities may request the formation of certain classes for improving the standing of men in specific subjects, in which case the taking of such subjects loses almost all of its "voluntary" nature. For example, all probationary sub-lieutenants, R.C.N.V.R. are required to take a C.L.E.S. course in pilotage and navigation, and commanding officers must see that they not only register for the course, but that they actually pursue the lessons.

Somewhere between the classroom-

SO THERE !

IF YOU say that my verse
Has no deftness or grace in it
And wonder why editors
Ever give space to it,

Like the gentle Charles Lamb
I beg to remind you—
I could write like Shakespeare
If I had the mind to!

MAY RICHSTONE.

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The same brands of Atlas Fine Steels with a world-wide reputation for quality, which in peacetime make your automobile parts, cutlery, machinery parts, mining drills and a host of other things, in wartime are helping to produce the vital parts of airplanes and engines, tanks, ships, army trucks and munitions. Naturally most of Atlas production is now devoted to war needs, but when the change-over from war production to peace and progress comes, Atlas Steels will be better equipped than ever to render a service on Special Steels that will keep Canada and the Empire in the very front rank.
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system and the correspondence course is the tutorial class. The students armed with text-booklets, study on their own—perhaps totally unrelated subjects, perhaps different stages in the same subject. The tutor is present to help each one individually, to guide students over difficulties which might appear insurmountable if he were studying alone.

But, by far the largest part of the C.L.E.S. system of education is correspondence courses. No matter where he is, how often he is transferred, whether he be in the burning sands of Libya, in icy northern outposts, in a prison camp in Hong Kong, or in Dortmund, Germany, the soldier can "graduate"—and prove it by a certificate—in studies ranging from elementary English to B.A., from beekeeping to blue-print reading, from hairdressing to heavy-diesel engineering. He is able to do this because of a highly ingenious array of "text-booklets", which, without eliminating essential knowledge, condense the facts about the scores of subjects which the C.L.E.S. teaches.

Drawn up by Canada's ablest educators and "passed" by the nine provincial departments of education, the text-booklets are unique in being standard throughout Canada. Four text-booklets totalling from 400 to 500 pages constitute a complete course in any subject. Courses now on the "curriculum" fall into five divisions: 1. courses preparatory to high school work; 2. courses leading to high school graduation; 3. courses leading to graduation in commercial subjects; 4. courses in technical subjects; 5. courses for personal enjoyment rather than for school credit.

Correspondence course instructors supervise their pupils through the entire course, no matter where they may be transferred, mark their papers, advise them by mail, and generally play the part of school teachers as well as they are able without personal contact.

Prisoners' Salvation

One of the most interesting branches of the correspondence course is its availability to prisoners of war. By arrangement with Red Cross officials, war prisoners in Germany and Hong Kong may now continue their interrupted peacetime studies by mail. Already more than 2000 text-booklets have been sent to them and more are on their way.

A Canadian war prisoner wishing to take a C.L.E.S. course fills out an official application blank giving his rank, last school grade completed, civilian occupation and the occupation he wishes to follow as a life work. This questionnaire is forwarded to C.L.E.S. at Ottawa, and booklets, reference books, and other supplies are forwarded free by "return post".

In addition to the "regular" studies, war prisoners in Germany have asked for and received a vocational course in agriculture whose subjects include: the business of farming, soil and field crops, poultry raising, live stock and dairy farming.

Perhaps the correspondence course which augurs most for the future of high education in Canada, is the one whereby members of the armed forces who were without the means or the opportunity of attending university, may now take a B.A. degree in between military manoeuvres.

Seven Canadian universities cooperate with the C.L.E.S. in offering correspondence courses of university standard, and the procedure at the University of Toronto is typical. Five subjects constitute a "year". In the first year three subjects may be chosen from English, Economics, History, Philosophy, Psychology and the other two from French, German, Latin, and Mathematics. In the second and third years four subjects are chosen from the first group and one from the second. The degree is conferred on successful completion of the third year. Nominal fees are from $2.00 to $10.00 for a course.

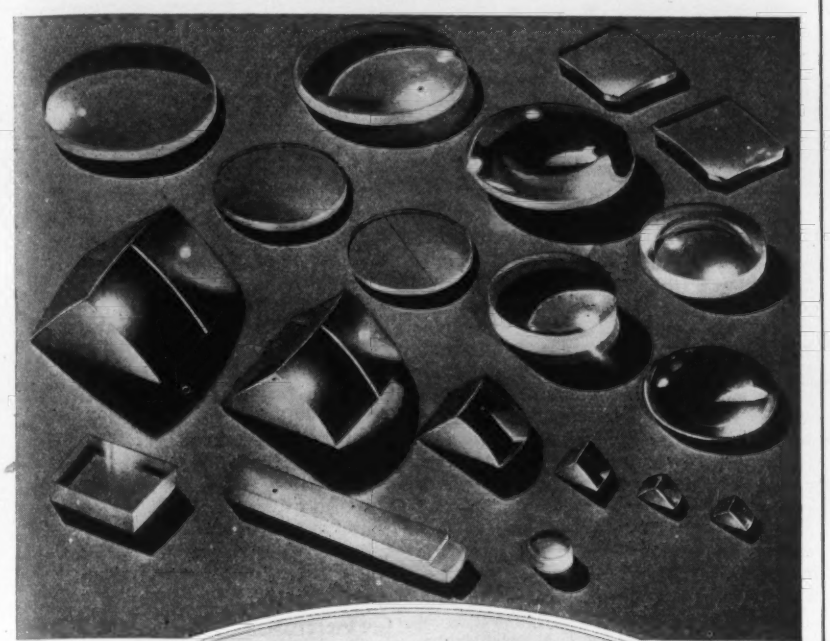
To Continue After War

Not even peace will be allowed to interfere with a soldier's education. Looking forward to the day when war is won, the government has made arrangements whereby C.L.E.S. students may continue their studies, and their work during months and years in the army will provide a springboard to a liberal education of much higher calibre than they could have aspired to before joining up.

Order-in-council P.C. 7633 drawn up by the General Advisory Committee on Demobilization and Rehabilitation provides for a grant of $9.00 a week for a single man, and $13.00 for a married man to be paid those taking vocational, technical, or other educational training—particularly on a secondary level. The order also arranges for grants at the same rate, plus tuition fees, student fees, and athletic fees for ex-service men pursuing undergraduate studies at the university level.

Said General McNaughton commending the work of the C.L.E.S.: "There is only one aristocracy in the Canadian army—and that is an aristocracy of education."

And from Canada's army at War's end will come an influx of these aristocrats, a multitude of men equipped to lead in the building of her new world—aristocrats who rose from the ranks to become the founders of the Canada of tomorrow.



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Kenya Development Threatens Empire Harmony

BY J. ANDERS

Kenya is going to grow wheat. The repercussions may, some day, be world-wide, and also affect this country.

If Kenya adopted the new policy to help its natives, we would have no right to grumble.

But the real reason is what Mr. Anders calls "imperialism at its worst." He says, "Our reaction must be opposition. There is more at stake than mere business."

DESPITE the paramount importance of anything that bears upon the conduct of the war we must find time occasionally to look at problems which bear upon the future interests of this country; especially if such problems are also connected with what we are fighting for. A problem of that kind arose a few days ago, and it has scarcely been mentioned in the Canadian press. The B.B.C. announced a revolutionary development in colonial agriculture: it has been decided to put 100,000 acres of land under wheat in Kenya. The prospective yield is 10 bushels per acre.

It is of course true that we are not in the war for our wheat markets. But one of the things we are fighting for is a British Empire no one part of which strives to become the ruin of any other part under a system of unchecked economic rivalry; a British Empire that in itself, and not only as a unit vis-a-vis other empires and countries, is, at least, subject to the provisions of the Atlantic Charter.

To say that a paltry million bushels of wheat from Kenya could not become a danger to Canada's wheat economy would be a very narrow view. First, that million bushels is only a beginning; and secondly, it is the expression of a disharmony that must not be tolerated. To anyone who knows conditions in Kenya it is a victory of what is called "imperialism" in the ugly sense of the word.

Kenya, it cannot be denied, is a most difficult colony to administer, but largely for reasons for which the people of the country themselves are to blame. Even so, if that general difficulty were behind the sudden introduction of wheat agriculture there, advice and admonition would be indicated. But as things are, opposition must be the reaction; for our own sake, and for that of the Empire.

Whites' Privileges

If, further, the reason for the measure were the relief of the economic plight of the native one would not have the right to grumble. But it cannot be doubted that the reason is the salvation of the "white man's" privileges. There are precedents for that in Kenya, which reveal "imperialism" at its worst.

The Kenya native is debarred from planting coffee, sisal, and tea, the Colony's most lucrative crops. He may farm other things, but good soil is available to him only in the pestilential coastal district. The entire fertile high plains are reserved for white settlers. In the "European Highlands", which are a climatic paradise, there are less than 2,000 white holdings, a large number of them owned by English gentlemen farmers and veritable provinces in size. A mere six per cent of the Highlands is cultivated!

The reason given for the prohibition is that native crops spoil the quality and reputation of any product. In a way it cannot be denied that this argument has something to it. But the answer is education of the native, not prohibition. If the native can be educated to grow wheat, which he never has seen, it should be much easier to educate him to grow coffee, sisal, and tea, with which he is familiar, if only as a worker in the white man's plantations.

But the powers that be in Kenya do not give him a chance. The powers that be—that is not the Government of Kenya. The Government of Kenya has always been aware that it is a trustee for the native. The powers that be—that is the white population which is organized in Associations, which in turn are pyramided into an Association of Associations. The Association of Associations is, so to speak, the Opposition. It is dominated by gentlemen farmers.

Mimosa Bark

If the Native was debarred from planting coffee, and if he was clamoring all the time to be allowed to plant coffee, one had to do something for him. One did. One encouraged him to grow wattle trees, whose bark contains one of the world's best tanning materials. Its trade name is Mimosa Bark from which comes Mimosa Extract. (A better-known name of the wattle is Acacia; its foliage looks somewhat like the mimosa.) But do not native crops spoil the quality and reputation of the white man's crops? Only if the white man lives in Kenya. However, the white man who grows wattle trees does not live in Kenya; he lives in the Union of South Africa, just another member of the Empire—what does that matter among friends?

True, also in Kenya there are a few white men who grow wattles; theirs is perhaps five per cent of the total area which is under wattle trees in the Colony. But they would not spoil the game; all of them, in any case, are coffee planters at the same time. Before the first World War Kenya exported a small quantity of wattle bark, not nearly enough to worry South Africa. But when early in the thirties something had really to be done for the native about the coffee, the great days of Kenya wattle bark started.

To add spice to the story, the South African wattle industry is dominated by a large English concern. You might think, at first blush, that that concern was terrified when Kenya wattle got going. You would be greatly mistaken. It is true that a little mishap had occurred: wattle bark requires treatment in costly mills before it can be exported. One such mill had been built in Kenya; by an Indian concern. The colony has some 30,000 Indians in addition to 17,000 Europeans and 3 million natives. In the twenties the misguided Colonial Office in London got the queer idea that the Indians were British subjects, and it decided to give them the full right of such. A "silent revolution" of the white people in Kenya was the response, and shamefacedly the Colonial Office dropped its queer idea. During the silent revolution the Indian wattle concern sold out, to an English and South African firm. The other concern, the big one, then built two more mills in Kenya, and the two firms in brotherly co-operation divided the export markets between them.

In South Africa a great deal of capital is invested in wattle plantations. In Kenya this is not necessary at all; the native provides the bark from innumerable small holdings at the white buyer's valuation. The only investment there are the mills. By 1943 there would have been sufficient Kenya bark on the market to put South Africa gradually *hors de combat*. But one must not think that the great concern has its knife particularly in South Africa. It is quite impartial and also dominates the vast tanning materials industry of South America. What it may lose on its investments in South Africa it will regain tenfold in Kenya, with South America to support the task of balancing. It pulls the strings that manipulate the economic destiny of thousands and thousands of people, according to the exigencies of world trade, which exigencies in their turn are determined by other concerns like itself in other trades. It is most efficiently and successfully conducted. The outsider has an exciting occupation in watching the marvellous precision of its working, and the naive dreamers who say that the words monopoly capitalism stink in the nostrils of decent people do not know what they are talking about.

Government Support

It is an irony that the silent revolution in Kenya received the strong moral support of the South African Government—for reasons which are very interesting but cannot be discussed here. Undoubtedly in recognition of that service the Kenya gentlemen farmers set to work a few years later to ruin the South African wattle trade.

In 1937 I went to Kenya to study the wattle problem there. I found frankly expressed perturbation among Government officials about the enormous power of that great concern. Until then the South African Government had very little information on what was going on in Kenya: and that little they shrugged off, for their information derived chiefly from the great concern. When I told them of my observations, there was a flutter of consternation. But it was too late to do anything about it.

Do not let us, likewise, shrug off a "paltry" million bushels of wheat. It may be merely an initial million bushels. Besides, there is infinitely more at stake than mere business.

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Revision

Revision of the Dominion Succession Duty Act was made at the last Session of Parliament and we have republished and brought up-to-date our booklet "Notes on Dominion Succession Duties." Your estate will probably be affected by this Act. Write or telephone for a copy of this booklet.

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Writers and Artists Must Work for Offensive

BY RAYMOND A. DAVIES

Art is a weapon. Yet the writers, journalists, artists, musicians, radio broadcasters and actors of Canada have not yet learned to make this weapon fully serve the needs of the coming offensive.

The artists of Canada—all of them and in all the fields of art—must serve as the moulders of public opinion for a war to the death against the Axis. Nothing less will do.

SINCE the beginning of the Nazi summer offensive, many of us who are writers, journalists, artists, radio commentators—all charged with the responsibility of interpreting the war to the people—have become deeply and increasingly concerned.

We are deeply disturbed. The Germans are marching ahead. The brave Soviet Armies are being beaten back. The world poises on the brink of disaster. Our universe—of learning, culture, peace, advancement—is in mortal danger.

We know that the enemy must be stopped. We have learned that he can only be stopped by force of arms, by attacking him, by killing him.

Some of us have lived in ivory towers for a very long time! The very idea of *killing* the enemy is foreign to our mentality. Yet we must face reality.

Others of us have worked as if the world were the same today as five years ago. We have not succeeded in reflecting its changes in our writing, speaking, painting, music.

But what can we do to improve our contribution to the war effort? How can we strengthen it? What does Canada require of us in this fateful hour?

These are the problems bothering us.

Some of us have concluded that the way to help defeat the enemy is to drop writing, acting, music, and to join the army. More power to these, for they have blazed a path to the utmost integration of the artist and of culture with the people and the cause of the people.

But this is not the only path.

To those of us still outside of the armed services, those of us who are *opinion moulders*, history has given a central task overshadowing all others.

We must help rally the people for the offensive.

Interpret the War

We must so interpret the war that new thousands will enlist for service overseas, the only place where they can come to grips with the enemy.

We must help labor and management produce more weapons, encourage farmers to grow more food, explain war to women and enthuse them to take up tasks the men folk have had to leave undone.

Our writing, art, speaking must explain the war to youths so that they might enter the battles of manhood on the production, education and military fronts with high hopes and flaming hearts, with courage and determination to surrender if need be even life, for victory.

It is because we have not done enough to implement these tasks that we are disturbed.

Examine our writing.

Since the war began Canada has produced very little, if any, first class literature. The number of inspiring short stories or dramatic pieces which have helped interpret the war to the public is small indeed.

Look into our newspapers. Have they learned to write their news from the viewpoint of struggle for victory, of the creation of a fighting spirit? Such papers and such items are far and few between. "Business as usual" still dominates our press. The confused headlines alone are often enough to disrupt the war effort. There is no clarity as to the war situation, the causes of war. There is no understanding, or little understanding, as to the role of a newspaper as a voice of clarity.

Or take our visual art.

By and large Canada has produced very few good war posters. Most of our product is "defensive" in character. The enemy is big and powerful, we are small and weak. The posters are not inspiring. They do not accomplish their main aim—that of creating such an overwhelming hatred of the enemy that the spectator will resolve to do his best to win.

Value of Visual Arts

We have not learned to appreciate the value of the visual arts. Take this one example: Thousands of soldiers and airforce men pass through the Toronto Union Station. Frequently this is the last point of departure on their way to the East Coast and overseas. Why haven't we over the station, inside and outside, heroic paintings, figures symbolizing victory? The Americans have these paintings and sculpture. Anyone who has been at the Grand Central Station recently cannot help but wonder at American resourcefulness in creating that huge mural, inspiring and artistic, in which the people and the army are shown as one united and powerful whole.

And what about our music? Here, too, we have missed the bus. How many war songs have we produced? Our soldiers still march through the streets, either silent, or singing songs of other days, or songs composed in the United States or Britain. But we must have enough composers to do some good inspiring marching songs with a new theme—the war of liberation, the war against the forces of darkness.

The same situation is reflected in our war advertising, the popularization of war loans, of Red Cross drives and so on. (Our war films are the one outstanding exception.)

Some there are who would place the blame for this on the government, specifically on the Bureau of Public Information. That it must share a portion of the blame is pretty evident. But a much greater share lies far below—among those of us who write or paint or broadcast.

We haven't given enough thought to our role in the war effort.

Few writers and artists have been able to interpret the war through the eyes of a conscious struggle against Naziism.

Little time is left. The offensive must come soon. But there is still enough time for all who contribute to the moulding of public opinion to get on a war footing. Both individually and collectively every one in the writing and radio and painting and other cultural professions should reexamine his or her own work, from a thoroughly critical and concrete point of view.

Concrete Task

Away with pseudo-intellectualism and pedantism! We must help *kill* the enemy. This is a concrete enough task and requires a good deal of gritting of the teeth.

If we can come together in groups to discuss the problem, all the better. In fact such groups are now being formed and a new spirit of collective determination to make culture serve the people is being forged.

Art is a weapon.

An artist is a soldier.

In the words of Mr. Francis E. Brennan, chief of the Division of Graphics in the Office of War Information at Washington:

"The people need their artists now—to charge them with the grave responsibility of spelling out their anger, their grief, their greatness and their justice. The artist will respond, as he has countless times before in the history of the world, to fight it out on the field where no others can. How effective his response depends on how purposefully his government administers his capabilities and his needs."

This was written for the United States. But it applies to Canada as well.

The artists have to put their shoulder to the wheel much more than heretofore. Like workers and farmers and management they must produce more and better—for the coming offensive in the cause of freedom.

One of the famous MOVADO Waterproof wristwatches. Made in stainless steel, stainless steel and gold, 14K gold, in varied sizes for men and women. This sturdy watch is watertight and airtight — built to "take it". Made by MOVADO, pioneers in fine waterproof watchmaking, no superfluous items are added which might detract from the well-planned construction of its full-size movement. They're ideal watches for active people. Moderately priced.

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Damaged but still standing: Canterbury Cathedral, viewed from the south as it now appears beyond the ruins of houses and shops in Canterbury's Burgate Street. A popular movement to re-open the Cathedral is current.

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Disaster at Fort Duquesne

GENTLEMAN RANKER, a novel by John Jennings. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.)

INFINITE are the problems of the novelist! Here's John Jennings, a man of elegance and taste and lashin's of knowledge, resolved to tell the tale of Braddock's defeat before Fort Duquesne, and also resolved to tell it in the First Person, since, Editors insist, that is the most vivid and commanding of methods.

But whom to choose with brains enough to tell it? The settlers and militiamen of Maryland, Virginia or Pennsylvania? Scarcely! Miracles in action they were, but dull clods in mannerly speech. An officer on Braddock's staff? What could any one of them know of the feckless nonsense of the expedition? Martinets by day, wine-bibbers by night, and dull days for anything outside the profession of arms. Colonel Washington, or some other Virginia gentleman? Where would be the love-interest and the sex-appeal?

No! It must be a man in the ranks, someone with education and taste. And where did the rankers of that day come from? Mostly from the prisons and the hulks; riff-raff picked up by guile and licked into shape by a course of command based on corporal punishment by the cat-o'-nine-tails. They responded to the treatment—if they didn't die under it—and the men who fought at Minden and Plassey and Quebec and all the world around were men indeed; fierce and steady in action, proud of the King's scarlet, but simple as children.

Surely the ranker with the ability to tell this tale would be a bird of paradise in a flock of starlings. Mr. Jennings finds him in Stephen Trent, graduated from Oxford at twenty, and then a rake-helly, cockfighting, pugilistic Corinthian in London, gambling at White's until the last of his patrimony is gone, getting superbly drunk in a low tavern to drown the memory of his bad luck and wheedled by an Irish sergeant into taking the King's shilling.

Clever Mr. Jennings! Now, he thinks, we can believe the fellow; a man "with a background", as the snobs put it. Surely we can believe him when he talks at large, when he contradicts officers and is spread-eagled for punishment, when he punches the daylights out of his personal enemies, when he saves a girl and for very stubbornness quarrels, and quarrels with her until her loss wakens him to repentance and swift marriage, when the last driblet of his fortune is used to buy his discharge from the Army, when he is captured by Indians and kills them all—not one left to t. the t.

Unfortunately we can't believe any such thing. The author is holding a wooden Stephen Trent on his knee, and doing the fine talking himself.

It's useful talking as well, for never before has the Braddock campaign been so carefully described or the causes for its failure so definitely set down. This novel is a *must* for every person at all interested in American Colonial History. But it should have been told in the Third Person.

Which is Reality

BY STEWART C. EASTON

CLARK GIFFORD'S BODY, by Kenneth Fearing. (Macmillans, $3.00.)

THE SEA GULL CRY, by Robert Nathan. (Ryerson, $2.50.)

THERE could hardly be a greater contrast than there is between these two books. Both are a little removed from this war, Mr. Fearing's in time, and Mr. Nathan's in space, yet the realities of the war are in a measure responsible for both. *The Sea Gull Cry* is a simple, apparently artless, tale of two refugees who are living in a scow off the New England coast. Through losing everything material, they have discovered the permanent value of what cannot be taken away. Wrecked on the shore near them is Richard Smith, a middle-aged schoolmaster who is bored and disgusted by the war and wants to do nothing but shut his eyes and ears against it. This is the popular American theme of the moment. If handled without imagination and art by a person without insight, it can be terrible. But this book succeeds from its very brevity and the perfect restraint of the writing, as well as the flawless taste in the handling.

Mr. Fearing, on the other hand, has attempted to look forward into the future, and has constructed a brilliant and original novel, in which he attempts to show how present thinking, if it is not replaced by something better, will lead to Civil War after the international conflict is over. The fact that Mr. Fearing's own revolutionary hero, Clark Gifford, has only a woolly conception of what ideas should replace the current ones, may spoil his book for serious readers, however much they may admire the extraordinary ingenuity with which the author has handled his subject. Unfortunately this virtuosity distracts the attention from the people in the story, and we are allowed to know the ending and the fate of the principal characters before we have read the first chapter. Thus excitement is lacking except in isolated fragments.

The story begins with the taking of Radio Station WLEX and other strong points by a band of adventurers led by a visionary. Within a few hours all have been retaken by Government forces, soon afterwards the conspirators are shot and the rebellion apparently quelled. But the uprising marks the beginning of a new epoch. We are given first-hand stories by some of the conspirators, and by numerous other individuals during the months ahead and in the years to come. The whole is a praiseworthy attempt at something compelling and original, but one reader at least was left exasperated, and neither pity nor terror was excited. I did not find it a stimulus, nor the *tour de force* the author obviously intended.

The Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

WE DO not like female detectives, whom we mentally class with female wrestlers, but the least objectionable of them is probably, Mary Carner, who is, of course, the heroine of Zelda Popkin's latest story, *No Crime For a Lady* (Longmans Green and Co., $2.50). It is a fast moving tale, with smart, tough dialogue and a sourish humor, and the final revelation is calculated to baffle the most astute reader.

The Case of the Careless Kitten (McClelland and Stewart, $2.35) is the latest Perry Mason story by Erle Stanley Gardner. It is quite up to his standard which is unusually high and unprecedentedly level for a writer of crime yarns. It is exciting, swift and baffling. It perpetuates the mystery which we find in each succeeding Perry Mason book, namely how Paul Drake, the private detective, is able to dig up so much information in a few hours in the middle of the night.

Inspector McKee, one of the few fictional detectives utterly devoid of mannerisms, is the central figure in Helen Reilly's *Name Your Poison* (The Macmillan Co., $2.50). As usual he finds his murders in rather high class society. The story is well above the average and it ends with a double twist which would do credit to Mrs. Christie . . . James Howard Wellard is a new name to us but he is the winner of the Red Badge $1,000 award given twice a year for the best mystery by the publishers (Dodd, Mead and Co., $2.35). If it is a first attempt it is something more than promising though amateurish touches are visible enough. At least the denouement is surprising, and some interesting characters are encountered.

Perhaps the best on this week's list is *The High Window* by Raymond Chandler (The Ryerson Press $2.35). It has about everything a murder mystery of the tough, hard-boiled school should have, including a private detective, Philip Marlowe, whom we hope to meet again soon.

A Multiple Chronicle

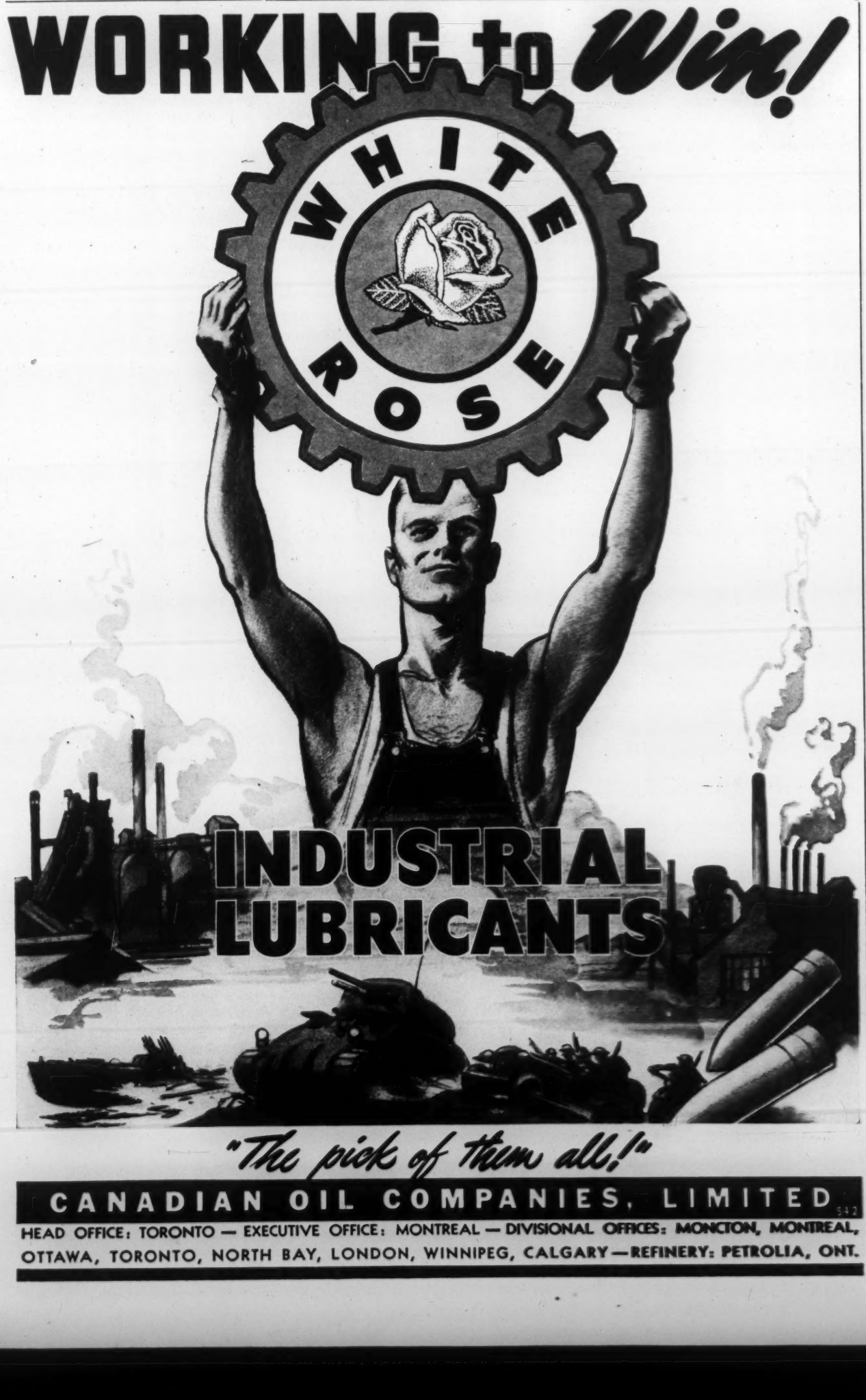
BY W. S. MILNE

AUNT AUDA'S CHOIR, by Humphrey Pakington. (Macmillan, Toronto. $3.00.)

HERE is a novel covering the life of an upper middle-class English family from the turn of the century to today. It is a good example of its class, witty, shrewd, human. The author has a nice sense of selection, so that the reader never becomes conscious of having to wade through a rising tide of trivial detail in order to reach the climactic stepping-stones. Indeed, the story is told in a series of stepping-stone episodes, so that the forty years is covered in a succession of hops and skips. In such a plan, plot in the old-fashioned sense of the term is of little importance; each of the series of pictures is interesting in itself, even though at the end of the procession the reader may feel that he has arrived nowhere, except chronologically.

The chief charm of this story lay for me in the series of brilliant character-sketches, particularly those in the first third of the book. Much of the characterization is achieved by dialogue. The dramatic monologue, in which a character reveals himself by means of a continuous stream of chatter, leaving the reader to fill in the other end of the conversation, is used here with delightful effect. Some of the sketches—Lady Adela and Aunt Fanny making a tour of the estate in the rain, for instance—are just the sort of material Jane Mallett uses brilliantly on the stage. Aunt Auda herself, who dominated her family and circle as she dominated the choir that was her hobby, and from which none dared to withdraw; Amy Butler, Hattie Canfield, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Monteith, Felix Winter, and half a dozen more, are delightfully witty and slightly malicious silhouettes.

As the book progresses, however, the interest seems to lessen. The reason is partly mathematical. People marry, and the process of multiplication extends the cast of characters to a point where it is an effort to keep track of them all. That is a basic disadvantage of a "family" chronicle. As the story goes on, the author, instead of sharpening the focus of characterization, is compelled to diffuse it to get everybody in.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THE BOOKSHELF

Rider of the Revolution

PAUL REVERE AND THE WORLD HE LIVED IN, by Esther Forbes. (Thomas Allen, $4.75.)

IN 1775 Paul Revere galloped from Charlestown to Lexington to warn the settlers that British troops were on the march. Since that time he has been one of the romantic figures of the American Revolution and has galloped through every school book without once dismounting.

Here he is on his own legs, before and after his imitation of John Gilpin, (who by the way, may have been a contemporary across the seas.) Paul was a modest artisan of old Boston who flowered into a Jack-of-all-trades and a master of many. He was a coppersmith, an engraver, a silversmith of renown, a gunsmith, a manufacturer of gunpowder, and a carver of false teeth from ivory.

He was the friend and companion of Sam Adams and John Hancock. He witnessed the Boston Tea-Party although he never admitted it, and probably knew something of the tar-and-feather parties for Tories. But in his private life he was honorable and useful, as was agreed when he died in 1818, leaving a property of thirty thousand dollars to distribute among his seven children. Henry Thoreau was his grandson.

There is something lovable about Boston even yet; so crooked in its manner and usually so straight in its thinking. Its aristocracy is too exalted to strut; even its riff-raff is not as other riff-raffs. The town looks backward with satisfaction and forward with confidence. Harvard is just over the river, the Symphony Orchestra is still in being, the *Atlantic Monthly* is on Arlington Street, Republicans flourish and all's well with the world.

Esther Forbes has a gracious and witty style. She has produced a readable book from commonplace materials, but it's too long for any but the Blessed who live within a hundred miles of Copley Square. Incidentally the Houghton Mifflin Company has lavished upon it all the polish and charm of fine book-making. But one wonders, in these times of British-American brotherhood, if past bitterness and conflict are worth bringing to mind once again.

The Dream Ended

DECEMBER 7, The First Thirty Hours, in press despatches. (Ryerson, $2.50.)

CORRESPONDENTS of *Time, Life* and *Fortune* in all the important cities of the United States came suddenly alert on Sunday, December 7, 1941. From shaving, choring about the house, napping on the couch, playing golf, or doing nothing in particular they started doing a lot all at once. The radio announced the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the next instant they were all driving at speed to their offices. What they wrote and put on the wires is here assembled, not as literature, but as a contemporary record of public feeling throughout the Republic.

Quotations from all classes of people were common; some in the strain of indignation, or in the key of "I Told You So." In Omaha a soldier whistled and said, "Boy, take your last look at Omaha for a long time. Which way's the war?" In New Orleans a placid but resolute "drunk" marched indirect to the recruiting office. When he was told that it was closed, he replied, "I'll wait," and went to sleep on the steps.

The most remarkable story came from Pittsburgh where the America First party was in convention. Senator Nye, although the press despatch was in his hand, continued his isolationist speech abusing Roosevelt and peddling his musty lies.

It's an interesting book showing how a rose-pink dream of as-you-were fled away in the cold light of reality.

Lady Beloved

THE DEATH OF THE MOTH, and Other Essays, by Virginia Woolf. (Macmillans, $3.)

ESSAYISTS of quality are always too scarce, so the death of Virginia Woolf is a matter for deep regret. She was a critic learned but companionable, a wit flashing harmlessly like summer lightning, and her work was compounded with humor and a sense of drama.

Here is a collection of her shorter work, for the most part contributed to various periodicals, and rich in the phrase-making for which she was noted. Here are a few picked at random: "In the delicious society of my own body;" "her eyes saw nothing but a zig-zag of pain;" "folding-up the bright paraphernalia of the streets:" "the labyrinth we call Coleridge," "rolling the tide of his prose over the most rocky obstacles."

This last is descriptive of Gibbon—Declining and Falling—. The essays of which he is the subject are as illuminating as they are gracious. This is a book to read, and re-read and keep within arm's length.

A Drift of Fairy Glamor

THE FAIR WOMAN, a novel, by Hilda Vaughan. (Collins, $3.)

AN OLD tale, old as time, new as today; how the poor poet, by his passion for unearthly beauty, calls up from the lake the inspiration of his song; in form, a woman, sweet and elusive as the dawn; how, by vows and prayers and strange toils, he persuades her to assume the guise of humanity, to live the dull, fierce life of love, and to bear his child. And then, how "the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches" choke the love he had for her, until, Judas-like, he denies her thrice. And then, how she disappears, never to be seen again; for the poet's harp is broken and the glory of song is lost in the clink of golden guineas and in the envy and anger they bring.

An old tale, indeed, but a mighty parable, told in graceful prose with broad, sweeping rhythms, and in all the simple charm of good poetry and children's laughter. The author has set the story in Wales, the land of bards and of rich imaginings. She draws her characters with surety of hand and with depth of understanding, and so has made a book to be cherished by those sensitive to higher values, and weary of the bestiality of the times.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

"Saving" Graces in Fall Fashions

BY BERNICE COFFEY

THE fashion show survives as an institution although shorn of its pre-war frou-frou. The audience stands instead of sitting. Mannequins are as beautiful as ever but display the new things without benefit of special lighting or music. Tea is not served, and it's all over in less than an hour. But the fashion show in its new form continues to perform its valuable function as a guide to good taste and good style—more important than ever because none of us can afford to regard lightly the "little mistakes" that used to be shoved far back in the clothes closet and piously forgotten.

Left — Crisp red and white checked gingham with white organdie ruffles sets a spirited keynote for a girl's room. Furniture is sturdily handsome maple scaled to small room.

During the past week Eaton's held one of these informal promenades of style as an introduction to Fall under the influence of government regulations for fabric-saving. These, through the artful interpretation of good designers, have resulted in a supple, well-put-together new look stripped of frills, gadgets. It's a look of fashion with its wits about it . . . an evolution completely in step with the demands of today's living. Nor is there anything bleak about it for color is rampant everywhere—quantities of red, and many greens, golds, purples and deep grapey, fruity tones.

Dresses have a wrapped-around-the-figure look that emphasize slim waists. Have *you* a slim waist, dear? And skirts are caught up in marvellous folds in something called the tulip silhouette—which explains it pretty aptly. And there are all sorts of little grace notes, such as the use of unrationed braid, flashes of sequins, bits of fur, a neckline of pearls, abbreviated jackets, miraculous artifice with tuck trims.

Coats make a grand play with fur to which the people in Ottawa have not applied their scissors, a fact of which the designers have made the most. Then there is that wonderful all-purpose coat which this column has mentioned before—built on the lines of a man's Chesterfield and a boon companion for both day and evening wear when it lends an extra bit of swank by being worn casually over the shoulders. Muffs are with us—fur ones. It's difficult to imagine anything more adaptable as an all-purpose treasure than a mink one, especially when its companioned by a short mink jacket that does up snugly about the neck, plus a high-crowned hat trimmed around its brim with a roll of mink.

What has come to be called "sportswear" but is in reality the type of thing that most women are learning to count on heavily in their clothes plans, has a major part in the show. Jackets are cut to give plenty of elbow room and shoulder play, and the skirts have smart boxy pleats that give a nice line to the "figger" when one is walking. Here, too, color is a very important zestful thing. Velveteen, the season's new love, is represented by a snug button-up jacket with flap pockets, a gored and kick-pleated skirt—in wide wale velveteen in a choice of such colors as beige, green, brown. Or there's a love of a turquoise and brown wool jacket in large single block checks with three buttons, three pockets, count 'em. And a skirt to match.

There doesn't seem to be the slightest lack of all those soft woollen sweaters from Scotland without which life would be grim indeed. There are such lovelies as twin sweaters of soft, fine Indian cashmere in all the delectable colors—ash pink, powder blue, apple green, beige, grey, yellow. And for those whose hearts belong to blouses—the "Tooke" shirt in "Ameritex", which is processed rayon, is presented in heartening California clay tints.

Preparedness

Six months ago The Red Cross Emergency Nursing Reserve was formed to fill the need, so strongly felt by most thoughtful people, that we should be prepared, and well prepared *before* we too are visited by a national emergency. No country in the world to-day can feel assured that the horrors of air raids will pass it by, and years of war are usually years of epidemics.

This is what the women already enrolled and training in the corps are fitting themselves to contend with. They are learning simple nursing, to be carried out in homes under the supervision of graduate nurses or doctors, to be practiced if and when catastrophe should strike in Canada.

There are classes in the day time and classes at night. Housewives manage to attend their lectures while the children are at school; business girls and girls working in munitions gladly give two evenings a week to do their bit.

Mrs. N. W. Johnston, a Toronto beautician, on her feet all day, is not too tired to be an enthusiastic member of the corps. She not only knows that she is doing invaluable work for her community but has inspired countless other women to enroll.

The leader of their group, Mrs. David Stewart, a graduate nurse, is as full of enthusiasm for her students as they are for her, and she is only one of many who has willingly given her time to help a cause which called for her particular qualification.

The new season must bring renewed efforts from every one of us. In Toronto alone the Emergency Nursing Auxiliary Reserve needs twelve hundred *more* volunteers so that the city and the neighboring districts will be adequately cared for in case of an emergency; and two hundred volunteer graduate nurses are needed to instruct the new recruits. If this is *your* war work, and if you live in Toronto or its vicinity, Mrs. W. George Hanna, Toronto Branch, Canadian Red Cross, 50 Bloor St. East, can give you all particulars.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

We Travel By Train

BY RICA McLEAN FARQUHARSON

THE WAR is recapturing for many of us the childhood thrill of "a train ride."

Of course it helps to be a bit childish to get a bang out of it. We are not referring to the chaircar, compartment, dining-car mode of travel. We mean a train ride—in a day coach with bundles and babies and orange peel. We've just finished our summer trip. We are happy to report it didn't finish us. We picked up a cold-germ but we won't say it caught us on the train. Now, we're back in town for school has begun, but looking back I think the ride on the train was the high spot of the summer holiday.

We had the perfect companion for the train—a seven-year-old son. He was blissfully happy that gas and tire shortages made it possible. We got up at six in the morning to catch the nine-o'clock train. We were trying to make sure we wouldn't miss anything. We nearly missed the train. It was pulling out on track one. We were fooling around track two trying to board a train going somewhere else. When we found out our error we pursued our out-going train. A couple of railwaymen and one or two people with nothing more exhilarating to do chased after us screaming:

"Don't get excited! It will slow up. You'll make it."

At that moment our own attitude was defeatist but we did. We made it! We were boosted on by the friendly group. Our bags were thrown after us. A railwayman in civvies unlocked a door and let us into the day coach. It was filled with smiling faces. A gigantic soldier, in khaki shorts, jumped to his astonishing full height; heaved over a seat-back and, with mighty palpitations, we flung ourselves down. Everyone relaxed. Everyone beamed and nodded:

"You made it!"

From then on there were no strangers. Time seemed nothing at all. There were things to engross us—the place to get a drink, the paper cups, thick but swishy; offers of funny papers—and the soldier's knees. Son noticed them almost immediately. In a high, admiring voice he cried: "Mummy, look at his legs—aren't they big—just like mine!"

We read. We wrote. Climbing over bags the two of us managed to rip my stockings. I had planned to go bare-legged when we reached the beach but this was too soon. Besides it was raining—no chance for tanning. We disappeared to change them. We washed our hands; slapped down son's unruly hair. In no time at all we were in Allandale.

The Allandale station was an early memory. Now it seemed even higher than it used to. The stools were loftier too. We mounted. Son happened to boost himself right in front of a dish of raspberries so he ate those. I had coffee.. Everyone who came in beamed: "Wasn't it nice, you made it."

Green Velvet

We remembered doughnuts. They were what we should have ordered. We ordered them now. They turned out to be "twisty-cakes," long, big, fat, light, hot, good! We demolished them quickly. We couldn't afford to star in the same act twice in a morning. We rushed to another train; got on—two minutes to spare! The new coach had brighter green velvet seats. The rain had stopped. We met another new old-friend who chuckled:

"Ha! Ha! Made it didn't you!" and told how she nearly missed a train. In front of us sat a short, thick-set Scotchman, with a large nose, long upper-lip, slightly protruding lower lip and active blue eyes. He made room for a grey-haired, grey-suited man and his undeniably smart wife. He began to brighten up the corner for them.

"Did you ever hear about the Scotchman who fried his bacon in Lux to avoid shrinkage?"

The lady put on fresh lipstick and smiled reservedly. The gentleman retorted:

"Well, well, there's always a story about the Scotch."

The Scotchman smiled warmly: "You said it! I know twenty more like that one."

Three more stories popped out in alarming succession. Single ladies in single seats smiled fearfully—and hopefully. The lady with the man murmured she might be sick if she kept on riding backwards. The Scotsman leapt to his feet: "Change with me. I know—ladies don't like riding that way. My wife always gets sick too."

The change was made but somehow the husband had disappeared in the shuffle.

The conductor came through the coach.

"Angus! Angus!" A tense moment. The station name might bring on more stories. It didn't. The train stopped suddenly. Some soldiers got off whistling "Bonnie Dundee."

Son and I sat back and studied the red glass case with the tools marked "For emergency service only."

Several people had decided to go to sleep. Several people had just gone to sleep. The rolling country and snake and rail fences whizzed by. A little girl with stiff paper curls was brought in by the conductor. She was travelling alone. He was carrying her bag. Everyone smiled.

The frame houses, rough-cast houses, brick houses and bigger barns; cedar trees, elms, maples, oaks and thousands of ferns; the good farms and the poorer farms unrolled like a documentary film. Back came the conductor.

"Stayner!" We were there—only a few miles of country road stretched between us and the beach!

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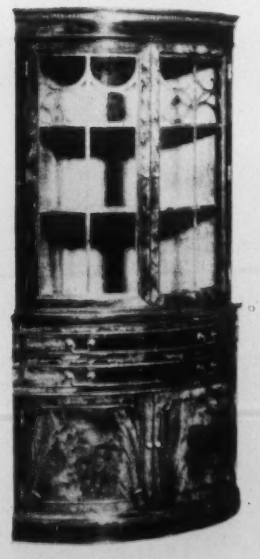

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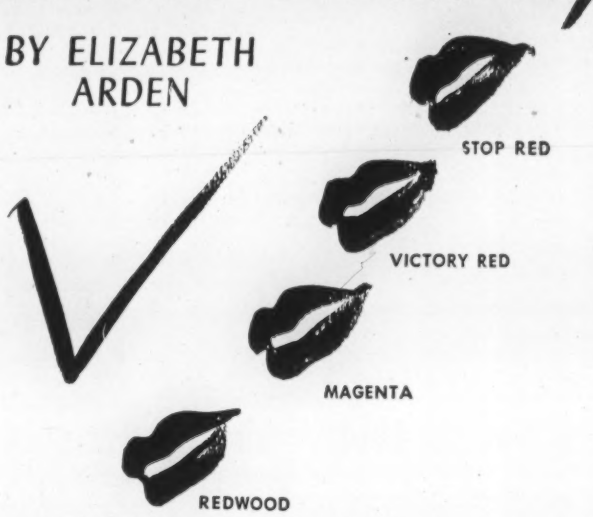
Four shades till Victory

BY ELIZABETH ARDEN



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"My goodness," she was thinking, "How they've rationed me on clothes—
I'm glad that it's not Winter for I'm sure I would have froze—
I wish that they would get the paint that Mummy used for hose
And paint on me a little dress — before I'm asked to pose."

MUSICAL EVENTS

Carroll Glenn a Rising Star

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

I DO NOT suppose there will ever be a superfluity of violinists of genius. Their rarity has a compensatory factor in the circumstance that most of them live long lives. Nevertheless the oldsters must inevitably reach the dissolution that awaits all of us; and it gives one joy to listen to a young artist of manifold gifts, such as the Kentucky girl, Carroll Glenn; rising to carry forward the torch. That is perhaps what an American critic felt when some months ago he ventured the bold asseveration; "Carroll Glenn is the FUTURE." That no doubt is true, but she is also the Past, for in her art she reflects the progress that in the century that has elapsed since Paganini's death, has made the violin the supreme vehicle of expression.

Listening to Miss Glenn at the Promenade Symphony concert last week,—so young and so gifted,—I could not help thinking of what her playing may mean to listeners yet unborn. It was not idle speculation. I heard the great Czech violinist Wilma Norman-Neruda (Lady Halle) play beautifully in her sixtieth year, and she had then been delighting audiences since she was a child of ten. Though she did not return to America, her career was by no means ended, and she continued to play for her friend Queen Alexandra well into this century. It is not folly to reflect, that, with ordinary luck, little Miss Glenn will be delighting audiences here and elsewhere in 1980.

Carroll Glenn is said to have commenced advanced studies in New York at the age of 11, and gone on capturing major awards and scholarships for years, until in her early twenties she has found herself one of the most appealing virtuosi before the public. The authority of her bowing, the stimulating quality of her attack, the brilliance of her technique are impressive but have sometimes been equalled by young violinists whose playing was in essence superficial. What impresses one most is the emotional breadth and fullness of her tone; the profound sincerity and musical inspiration which mark her interpretation of such familiar works as Schubert's *Ave Maria* and Tchaikovsky's *Melodie;* while her magical technical facility enables her to do wonderful things with showy but fascinating works like Sarasate's *Gypsy Airs* and Wieniawski's *Obertass.*

For a violinist so young the maturity, distinction and power of her rendering of the solo part in Brahms' great Concerto in D, in a sense sacred to the memory of the great Joachim, was amazing. The work was at one time severely criticized because the two latter movements are not equal in majesty and beauty to the first. But the tranquil Adagio was lovely as she played it, and her rendering of the final Rondo had the same dash and fluency revealed in the Sarasate piece.

The conducting of Sir Ernest MacMillan had felicities of which many would naturally be unaware. In the first movement his style was nobly emotional; but in the Adagio and the Rondo he actually amended certain faults charged against Brahms when the work was first performed under his baton in 1879. For instance at the outset of the slow movement there is a lovely air for the oboe, (admirably played last week by Dirck van Emmerich). Von Bulow and others charged that Brahms' orchestration was so inept that the oboe was drowned by an unduly massive accompaniment. Sir Ernest kept his orchestra down so adeptly that the oboe solo became a delight to every listener. Again it was charged that in the bravura gypsy strains of the Rondo, Brahms swamped the violin soloist. In Sir Ernest's interpretation the tones of Miss Glenn were not for a second submerged.

The purely orchestral works on the program were of strong and varied interest. Haydn's *Farewell* Symphony was novel to many Prom listeners, who did not know that so eminent a classical composer was capable of a practical joke. It was the composer's way of letting his patron Prince Miklos Esterhazy know that the members of his private orchestra were tired of being detained so long at his lonesome palace in the wilds. The music of the Symphony is of no importance in itself; but the last movement when the players one by one depart, leaving the conductor alone, tickled everyone's fancy. Sir Ernest added a comic touch of his own by apparently falling asleep. When the work was first performed Haydn was too nervous to fall asleep. He lingered awaiting a possible explosion. The explosion didn't come; the Prince saw the joke and took the hint.

Haydn enjoyed the many years he spent as the Prince's Kapellmeister but, as an American annalist has pointed out, his job was no sinecure. "To get a picture of Haydn's schedule" he says "imagine Toscanini composing almost everything he plays, acting as music librarian, seeing that the instruments are in repair, and sending written reports of his players' conduct to the board of the National Broadcasting Coy."

At the dawn of this century the music of Bach was akin to a game of chess. A limited few experienced an elevation of the ego because they appreciated the composer. But the majority were not only indifferent but shameless in expressing that indifference. Now "arrangers" of Bach's music for orchestra and various solo instruments have made him one of the most popular composers. Last week Sir Ernest's rich and appealing transcription of the Prelude and Fugue for organ, in G minor, was attentively and warmly received as it well deserved. The popularity of Ravel, who was in truth more exclusive and aristocratic in his attitude toward music than Bach, is also no longer confined to *Bolero.* His subtle and fascinating *Spanish Rhapsody* with its brilliantly individual handling of warm traditional dance forms delighted many unable to grasp the minute technical beauties of the structure. It is worth noting that in the nocturnal Prelude, Ravel was in 1907 trying out the device he developed 21 years later in *Bolero,*—creation of atmosphere by ceaseless repetition of the opening theme.

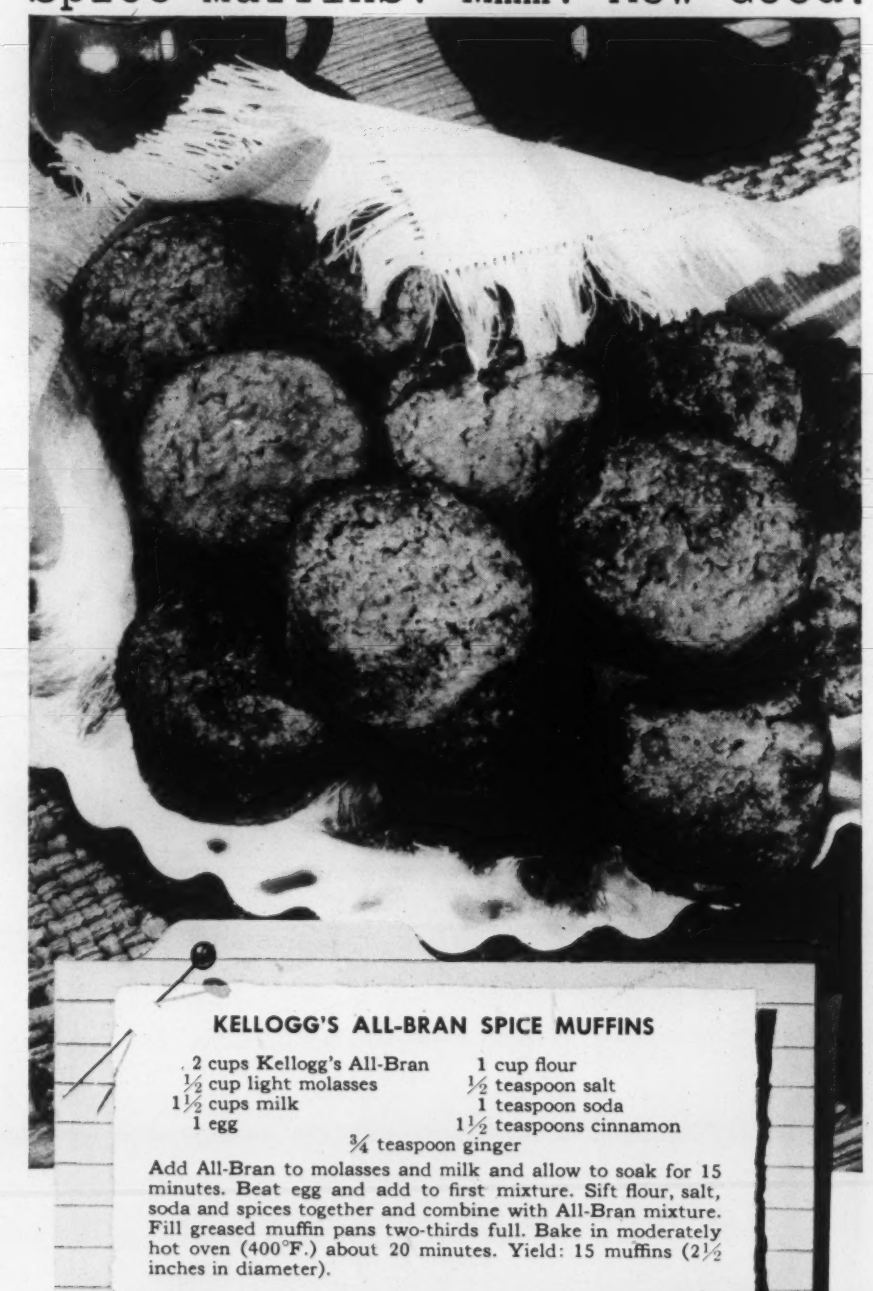
Theatre of Operetta

One of the most interesting recent New York announcements is that Grace Moore the prima donna has plans, and adequate backing, for the establishment of a repertory theatre devoted to the classic operettas of Paris and Vienna. The announcement is accompanied by the statement that this theatre will be the first of its kind in the United States. This is hardly correct. During the nineties and for years after a similar institution existed in the New York Casino. It presented in a beautiful way the best of light opera.

Zara Nelsova, solo-'cellist of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. She will be guest artist at the Prom. concert, Varsity Arena, Toronto, Sept. 24. She also appears in recital at Hart House, with Leo Barkin, Sept. 28.

Lynn Phillips and Byron McGrath in "Angel Street" which comes to the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, week of Monday, Sept. 21.

Spice Muffins! Mmm! How Good!



KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SPICE MUFFINS

2 cups Kellogg's All-Bran
½ cup light molasses
1½ cups milk
1 egg
1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
¾ teaspoon ginger

Add All-Bran to molasses and milk and allow to soak for 15 minutes. Beat egg and add to first mixture. Sift flour, salt, soda and spices together and combine with All-Bran mixture. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full. Bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes. Yield: 15 muffins (2½ inches in diameter).

Ginger and cinnamon, molasses and crunchy KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN . . . What a grand combination! No ordinary bran gives that delicious taste! And remember, this ALL-BRAN is the same cereal that, eaten regularly, keeps thousands free from constipation caused by lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet. Eat ALL-BRAN, drink plenty of water and see what it does for YOU.

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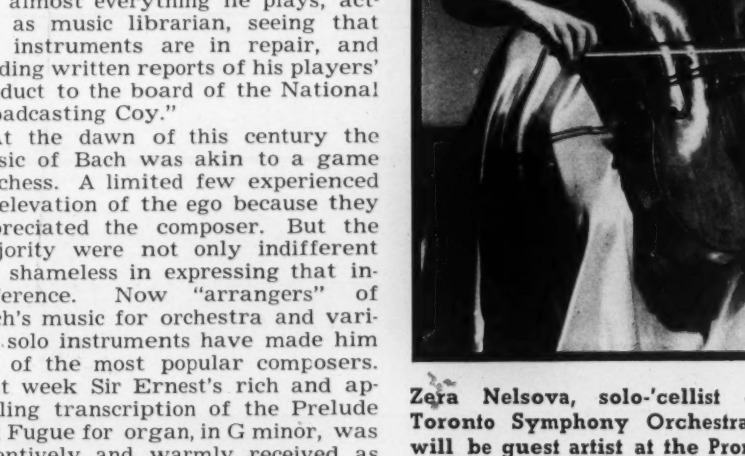

-ALSO
USE A WARMED TEA-POT
AND STEEP TEA 5 MINUTES

THE FILM PARADE

The Canadian Documentary

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

RECENTLY I watched half a dozen documentaries run off at a private showing. Most of these had to do with the Canadian war industry and effort. They were competently photographed and backed by a forceful, at times stentorian commentary. But I came away considerably unimpressed. Granted that it is hard to interest the technically illiterate in the processes of machinery, these films still seemed a good deal duller than was actually necessary—repetitive, confusing and on the strictly human side, rather amateurish and inept.

In its simplest terms the business of the documentary, particularly the propagandist documentary, is to make us see and to make us feel. Few of the recent Canadian documentaries make us see, beyond the immediate impression left on the retina, an impression that fades almost as quickly as the picture fades off the screen. They don't make us feel at all.

Of the recent publicly shown documentary describing Canadian women at war, I can remember only a single shot. This was the one showing a company of marchers parading, stiff-legged and stiff-armed before a reviewing stand—always a fantastic sight to the non-military eye, and a slightly comic one if the marchers happen to be in skirts.

Beyond that there seemed to be nothing whatever that arrested or impressed. The continuity was obscure—wilfully so, perhaps, because continuity suggests a narrative pattern and a pattern suggests plot and plot is something our documentarians seem to hold in strict abhorrence. Nor was there anything to make you aware for a single instant of the human being underneath the uniform or the factory coverall. The intimate story of women at war—a complex and fascinating topic if there ever was one—was severely neglected.

ONE of the most vivid and memorable documentaries of the present war was "Target For To-Night." But "Target For To-Night" had a definite story form, with interest rising to suspense and suspense building to climax. It wasn't contrived. It didn't have to be, because it followed naturally the basic pattern of the adventure story. It had even a hero and a cast — the squadron leader and his crew—so that the interest was constantly held to the parallel lines of drama—the human actors in relation to the flight-adventure, the adventure itself as it depended on the human actors. The sharp reality was there, but it was reality that followed, without distortion from fact, the accepted pattern of dramatic fiction.

Canadian documentaries—that is the documentary films which confine themselves strictly to Canadian scenes and activities—are sober and fact-finding. But they are rarely very interesting to watch. They go to considerable length in describing the Canadian war effort, but they reveal very little about the Canadian people. The commentary is authoritative in tone but the material itself seems a little planless and vague.

They simply present the facts as the camera-man found them, without, apparently, attempting to marshal them into any excitingly progressive order. And this, one feels, is a mistake. After all there are plenty of ways of compelling attention without resorting to the studio tricks that are beneath a good documentary's dignity.

"The First Commando" is far too good and exciting a film to be double-billed with a Shirley Temple Tearie. By careful timing however you can miss "Little Annie Rooney" and catch "The First Commando" from the start. It's the story—authentic we are told—of the British foreman who went to France and whisked some valuable war machinery out of the country right under the noses of the Nazis and their Vichy-minded supporters. The cast, chiefly English, is exceptionally good. Constance Cummings, back after all these years, plays the American heroine and looks younger and handsomer than ever.

Dashiell Hammett's "The Glass Key" is a good, sharply-contrived mystery film. It has Bryan Donlevy and Allan Ladd as a pair of shady politicians and Veronica Lake, that rather eerie girl, as an upper-crust young lady not too particular about the company she keeps. The tone is tough and lively and Miss Lake wears some fine expensive clothes which reveal a great deal, along with her customary expression, which reveals nothing whatever.

In "They All Kissed the Bride" Joan Crawford presents herself as one of those hard-boiled Big Business girls who hire and fire with abandon then go weak in the knees at the sight of Melvyn Douglas. There have been quite a number of films of this sort batting round lately and I rather think "They All Kissed The Bride" is the silliest of the lot.

THE THEATRE

Laying Siege to New York

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

YOUNG ambition, addressing New York: "You're a big nut, and a tough nut, and a nutty nut, but I'll crack you or starve trying." For some reason people think that attitude is funny; perhaps because of the disappointment, sometimes tragedy, behind it; perhaps also because it's brave and fine, and according to the law of averages, foolish. "My Sister Eileen" is at the Royal Alexandra theatre, Toronto, this week.

Here are the Sherwood girls; Ruth, who has ability as a writer, and Eileen who is just a blonde wanting to go on the stage. That's a natural ambition for a miss with no brains, no voice and no imagination, whose "fatal beauty" hypnotizes every young man who happens to see her. They get a basement-flat in Greenwich Village. The barred window close to the sidewalk reveals an infinity of expressive legs, passing to and fro, and very little while a blast from subway-construction beneath them rocks the building. "Nobody knows the trouble Ah've seen" is the motto of their existence and as each new phase appears the audience laughs its fool head off.

So it's a jolly play and has been running so long that now it is on tour for the second time. Certainly Betty Furness fits the role of "Ruth" as if it were written for her. She has no end of native charm and even her awkward moments are graceful. Also her voice is lovely even when she is weary and cynical.

Georgette Leslie as "Eileen" did a fine bit of work. So did Gwen Barlow as the innocent immoralist. Leo Chalzel as the Greek landlord, and artist of the Future, Bob Norton as "Jensen," Robert Lynn and Michael Ellis, all were satisfactory. A good show to take your mind off the war.

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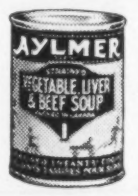

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In Summertime
Be sure of proper food for Baby! Take a liberal supply to the summer cottage! 12 varieties.
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INFANTS FOODS

Simpson's Presents 18th Century
WISHMAKER ENSEMBLE

Simpson's
This is the third chapter in the colorful story of cleverly conceived Wishmaker Ensembles. The first was "Regency," the second "Federal". This Autumn's presentation of 18th Century has been purposely designed to allow home decorators to continue to build up their present interior decorative schemes with furniture and draperies that are in perfect harmony with "Regency" and "Federal". There are seven muted shades — "Thames Tan," "York Yellow," "Bristol Blue," "Romney Rose," "Garrick Green," "Abbey Stone" and "Mayfair Mauve." Like all previous Wishmaker Ensembles, these shades may be blended or contrasted with faultless harmony.

CONCERNING FOOD

"All is Safely Gathered In"

BY JANET MARCH

"CAN we have breakfast early?" inquired a voice from the upper hall.

"Yes," said the cook, "but why? Usually you have to be dragged down at half past nine, and school opens next week with eight o'clock breakfast."

"They're threshing next door. Good-night," was the answer.

Sure enough the peculiar explosive noise which threshing machines make as if the internal combustion engine wasn't doing all its work internally was to be heard next morning, and the young threshers fortified with orange juice, porridge, toast and milk set off down the road. The cook moved out onto the sunny verandah, put her feet up and prepared to sip her precious cup of coffee and read the morning paper at peace with no one trying to extract the section with the funnies or read the weather forecast upside down. A beautiful quiet descended on the house till well after twelve when two rather warm threshers re-appeared.

"Well, did you help? At least you didn't get caught in that moving belt or you wouldn't be here."

"Yes, we helped. We laid the table."

"Oh," we said, having spent a quiet morning picking the worms off the cabbages, weeding and thinking how nice for the children to be so interested in the growing and harvesting of food, back to the essentials of life in war-time. Well, they hadn't been anywhere near the thresher and probably didn't even know what crop was being turned into neat bags of grain. The young constantly disappoint their elders by their interest in things not selected for them. I can remember Grannie not being pleased because I persisted in reading Buster Brown in the book shop when she was all set to give me a present of one of Sir Walter Scott's volumes.

"How many did you lay for, and what were they going to have to eat?"

"There were fourteen places, and they ate in the dining room, not the kitchen, and there were six kinds of pie and three cakes, one with those pieces of white stick on it, and tomatoes and cucumbers and four kinds of pickles and meat and vegetables."

"What to drink?"

"A cold drink, brown, smelled queer, and milk."

There's the war for you. Milk for the threshers instead of tea, and this on a dairy farm where the people who milk the cows 365 days a year are usually so tired of the stuff they don't do much drinking of it except disguised in tea.

The farmers' wives of this country do the threshers pretty proud, war or no war. Six kinds of pie mean that the family have gone light on their sugar rations to make this possible. We all strolled down the road in the afternoon and found the table laid again for supper and the women who were helping having their own meal so that they would be free to serve the men when they came in. There was cherry, apple and raisin pie, and a lot of the three cakes still left. There seemed to be something good to eat on every inch of the table, newly made chili sauce, gherkins, beets in vinegar, potato salad and cold meat. The tea cups were out for supper.

"It may be a bit weaker than they used to get but it's tea all the same," said the farmer's wife measuring the spoonfuls carefully.

"How did you manage so much baking with the sugar rationing?" we asked thinking of how our own rations vanished with sugar on the children's cereals and the occasional gingerbread or cookies.

"Well, I made bread rolls instead of cake for the last three weeks, and saved some of our sugar, and the early apples don't need much sugar with them because they are pretty sweet. None of us take sugar in our tea so we manage fine."

Very fine indeed. Who wouldn't forego their cake if offered fresh home-made rolls? It's an idea worth trying.

Plain Rolls

1 cup of scalded milk
2 tablespoons of sugar
1 teaspoon of salt
1 egg beaten
⅓ cup of melted shortening
4 cups of sifted flour
1 cake of compressed yeast

Crumble the yeast cake and add the scalded milk slowly. The milk should not be more than lukewarm when this is done. Add the sugar, salt, egg and half the shortening and half the flour and beat till smooth. Then add the remaining flour and mix. Last add the rest of the shortening, mix and then knead on a floured board till the dough is smooth. Put in a greased bowl, cover and put in a warm place and let rise till it is double in bulk. Shape and arrange on greased baking tins and brush with melted shortening. Cover, and again let rise till double in bulk. Then bake in a fairly hot oven (400) for fifteen to twenty minutes.

The meat problem seems to be becoming more and more difficult so that the housekeeper's approach to the butcher is no longer "Please send me a seven pound well hung porterhouse roast" but "What have you today? All right, make it stewing lamb or veal or a boiling fowl." We are all going to be experts at creating stew and hash out of this and that before we are done. Here is a recipe for a very fine sort of stew in which you can use almost any sort of meat which you can get the butcher to part with.

Southern Stew

5 pounds of meat (boiling chicken, veal, lamb or what have you)
4 potatoes
4 slices of bacon (if you can come by it)
3 onions
6 ears of corn, or one can
1 bay leaf
½ a finely sliced lemon
1 teaspoon of sugar
1 stalk of celery
A few whole cloves and two allspice berries
1 hot pepper
2 teaspoons of salt
½ teaspoon of pepper
4 teaspoons of Worcester sauce
5 quarts of water
1 can of tomatoes
2 tablespoons of flour
2 tablespoons of bacon grease

Fry the bacon till it is crisp, and then put it aside. Cut up and brown the meat in the bacon fat, and then put it with the bacon in a large stew pan. Add the water. Fry the onions, sliced, and the red pepper and add them to the meat. Stir in the flour to the remaining grease and let it brown, and then add two cups of the water and allow it to thicken. Add the flavorings, and all the other ingredients except the potatoes and lemon, and put to simmer for just as long as you can afford gas, electricity or time, but it must be at least two hours for good results. Three quarters of an hour before serving add the potatoes and lemon, and be sure it doesn't stick, as it will need stirring. If you cook this very long you may need more water, and of course you can flavor it to your own taste.

That's right! And if *you* bake at home, get good bread every time by using Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast—Canada's favorite for over 70 years! You can trust it to make bread that's light-textured, sweet-tasting—just right! Ask your grocer for Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast—with the familiar yellow label.

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New Improved Old Dutch is safety itself! It DOESN'T SCRATCH . . . because it's made with flaky Seismotite. So, say good-bye forever to hard rubbing and old-fashioned scouring. Switch to the New 50% Faster Old Dutch and you'll never use anything else. What's more, you'll be saving money, too, because a little goes so far.

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Not children—but almost life size dolls which Mrs. Jane Hedges makes and donates to raise money for charities. This clever craftswoman is a London A.R.P. ambulance driver and she has been commended by the King for her gallantry during air-raids in which she has been wounded.

LEVELS OF EXPERIENCE

THE fighters flash from the clouds,
The bombers roar through the snow.
All men who fly explore the sky,
But the war has brought me low.
Under the rads and the rugs,
Close to the basic facts,
I slide and squeeze on hands and knees,
Rubbing the pungent wax.

Into the corners dim
Where the clothes-moth makes her home,
On the trail of the splash or the fallen ash,
On all my fours I roam.
Risking a housemaid's knee,
Blisters, splinters, and stains.
I tend my floors for the allied cause
While my char is making planes.

ADELINE HADDOW

• •

ESTEEM

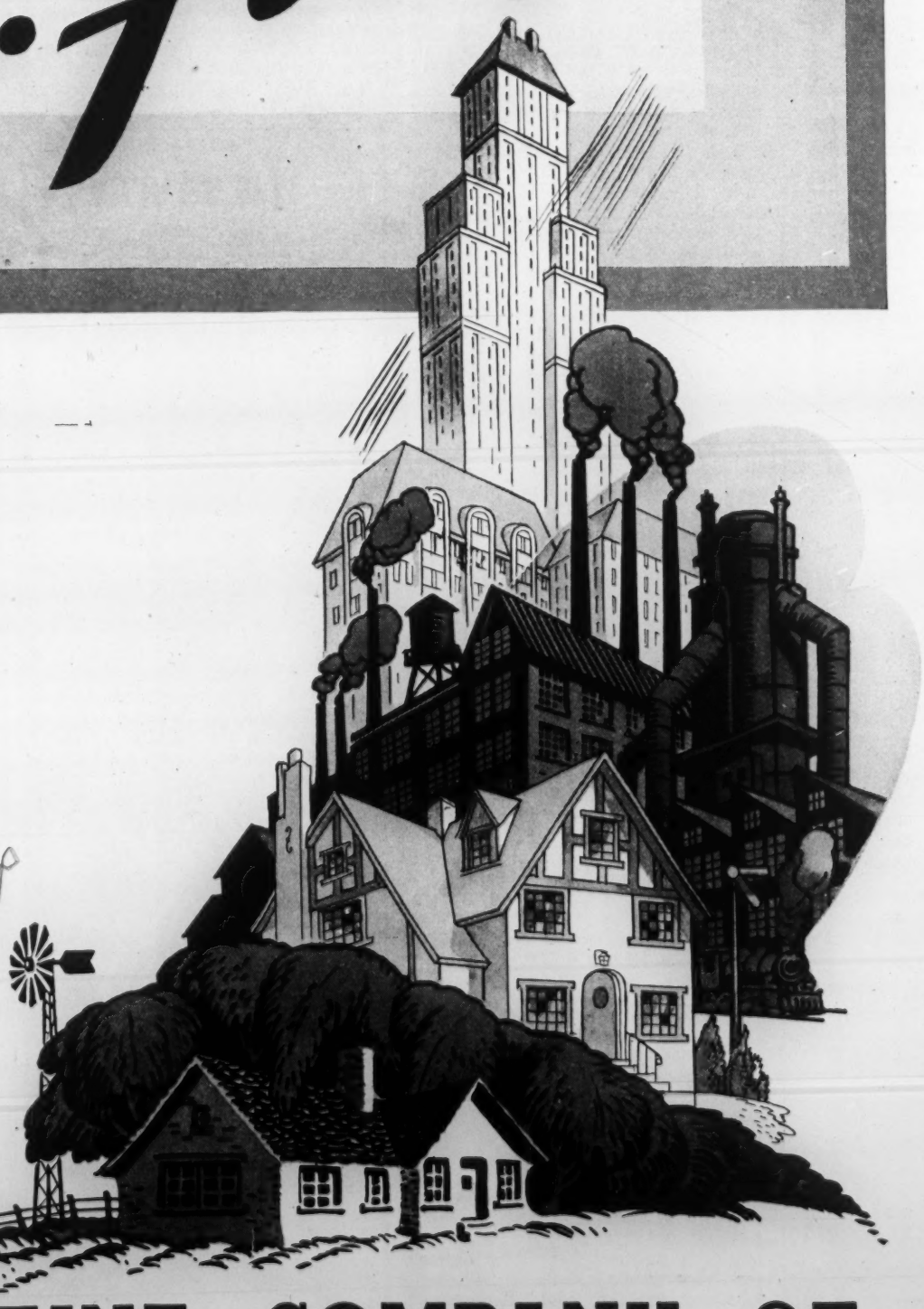
DEEM him not great, who in his greatness,
Whether of body, soul, or mind,
Has not achieved the simple virtue
Of being kind.

Call him not wise, who in his knowledge,
Standing the master of his art,
Does not esteem the inner logic
Of his own heart.

Deem him not glad, who in his pleasure,
Vaunting the opulence of kings,
Has lost the soul's appreciation
Of little things.

R. H. GRENVILLE.

Keeping THE HOME FRONT ...fit!



57

VICTORY begins at home. On the farm, in the home, in the factory, in the office, workers on the home front must keep fit. Keeping fit calls for the right food. You Canadian housewives are engaged in an all-important job, sustaining the family well-being at a time when the nation's health standards *must* be maintained.

Many of you are doing double-duty today. To those who serve in the dual-role of home-maker and war-worker Heinz foods are saving thousands of kitchen-hours. For there is spare-time in every Heinz container on your pantry shelves... spare-time that provides more hours for the many worth-while services that you Canadian housewives are dedicating to your country.

Heinz foods... prepared from the highest quality ingredients the land affords... are rich in the home-spun flavours we Canadians love, and always will love. Included in the family diet they are playing a big part in keeping Canada fit... and on the job.

Because of Government restrictions on the use of container-material, you may not always find your favourite Heinz variety at your grocers . . . though we shall do our best to keep him well supplied. We know you will accept such occasional disappointments in the spirit of the times.

But you can be sure of this,... there will be no rationing of Heinz quality; no surrender of the principle of perfection established by the Founder of the House . . . perfection that helps you in keeping the home front... FIT.

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THE DRESSING TABLE

Today's Common Carriers

BY ISABEL MORGAN

BACK to the days of a bicycle built for two! Even if yours is a wooden one, chances are you'll do some up-hill pushing on your own two feet. It's high time to get those coddled tootsies off their plush-and-gilded schedule, and right back in working form.

A series of foot rules has been worked out by Peggy Sage to help you put your feet back on a firm foundation. If you've been a high-heel wearer, a limousine-relaxer, or the petted-persian type, these are the exercises you need to help put you in walking trim.

A hot-water plunge is recommended, first of all, to relax tense muscles and get feet into a receptive state. After the plunge, lie down for five minutes with the feet 18 or 20 inches higher than the head, propped on pillows. Relax feet thoroughly, then "clock" each one—circle it round and round on the ankle, in the direction of a clock's hands. Repeat, counter-clockwise.

Walking barefoot is an excellent limberer. Walk the length of the room on the toes, back on the full foot, across again on the heels, toes up. Another good limberer is the see-saw. This is done sitting, legs stretched out in front. Without moving the ankles, pull right toes up and stretch back toward the body as far as you can. At the same time, stretch the left toes w-a-y down. Reverse, and see-saw for at least five minutes.

Remember, it's important to keep foot and leg muscles limber. Whether you're pedalling or "footing it", you'll get there with less wear and tear if feet are relaxed and flexible. They should have a complete work-out at least once each week, go through a few relaxing paces every night.

When you massage the foot, use a mentholated foot cream and press in firmly. Try to make your thumb and fingers meet right through the foot! "Spread" the foot, grasping it at the center with both hands just above the toes and pull firmly outward.

A weekly pedicure is important in foot conditioning—and brings returns in stocking insurance too. Get after rough calloused skin with cuticle remover. This means all "extra" skin around nails and between the toes. Saturate cotton pads in the remover, and leave on for several minutes. When you take this off, rinse the feet and rub away loosened particles with a turkish towel.

One last conservation tip: two coats of polish give longest wear, extra-long if you top them with a coat of polish shield. Bring the final coat over the nail edge and down under side. This seals the nail in a tight little package, protects the stocking from snags. Brown orchid is a fine brave polish color, that will give your feet a real send-off on their keep-in-step program.

Big Stick

Of fine-grained wood, with a high polish like that of expensive furniture, Helena Rubinstein's Jumbo Woodstick is a handsome child of necessity which proves that priorities and beauty can work hand in hand.

The "war baby" weighs exactly half an ounce yet it's the biggest lipstick case you ever saw, as well as being very practical. It refuses to chip or crack or break and adds hardly any weight at all to the purse. It has the look of simple, enduring efficiency that is today's ideal. All of H. Rubinstein's lipstick colors including the clear Apple Red and vivid Cochinelle, the Mexican-inspired color, are available in Jumbo.

Sweater Girl

We can't decide whether it's due to the Lana Turner influence or the warnings of a fuel shortage this winter, but the evening sweaters launched by Mainbocher two years ago are now a real fashion. Black is still very smart, decorated in paillettes, pearls or jet beads. His fashion of lining the sweaters to match printed dresses can be imitated by anyone who is deft with her needle.

Deanna Durbin complements the winter softness of her opossum coat with a high-crowned roll-brimmed hat of antique gold velvet. Pastel trim of clustered self-material flowers is enveloped in brown mesh veiling.

"Queen's" Quirks

BY POPS VOLLMER

GRANT Hall Tower will bewilder once more the innocent Queen's student by announcing four different times from its compass-point clock faces. Hurrying beneath it, clusters of co-eds will sleep-run to eight-o'clock classes; perhaps wondering belatedly if they are properly dressed.

The first pre-requisite for life at Queen's is a pair of rubber boots and a warm reversible coat, for although Kingston is beautiful (Chamber of Commerce please note) it is rather damp at times. Damp to the point where a canoe would successfully solve transport problems. Also brrr cold. Snuggies, flannelette pajamas, and a hot water bottle, if you can find such a jewel nowadays, are highly treasured, not despised as sissy-stuff.

Extremities

To turn to other extremities, beginning at the foot, prepare yourself to walk and walk and walk. Moccasins and heavy ankle-sox are standard equipment throughout the snow and occasional dry seasons; overshoes are most uncommon. At the other end, the bare-head fashion is passing and when the thermometer drops co-eds wrap scarves into weird and wonderful turbans about their pretty heads. This is a quick easy trick, which combines smartness and the warmth of ear-muffs.

For lectures the classic tradition of sweater and skirt showing under the voluminous black gown is yielding way to the flannel shirt. This flannel shirt, preferably loud or plaid à la lumberjack, doubles into the study-cram costume of shirt 'n slacks. Among the world-worn seniors, a preference is shown, when nose-in-book, for enormous shorts, or garish sweat-shirts wheedled or wagered from some susceptible male student. Comfort is the guiding light. Individuality is gained by accessories. Just now mitten collections are becoming—let's say—handy.

Look Bright

Social life is feeling the pinch of Adolf, although not hectic is still plain fun. The simple, gay, wool dress or that indispensable dress-maker suit are the mainstay of the cupboard. Formal occasions are rare but very formal, the dinner dress is apt to languish unworn. The great secret for dressing at Queen's, or anywhere in Kingston, is to avoid drabness at all costs. The charming limestone buildings and the frequent grey skies provide more than enough neutral background. Stab the greyness and mist with clear sparkling colors, for morale if nothing else. Happy days ahead for the land of "Oil Thigh" and "Ban Righ" when Kingston welcomes back its chattering co-eds.

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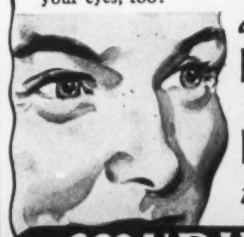

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Yardley

ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP

THE LONDON LETTER

Release from Gas-Masks

BY P. O'D.

FOR nearly three years now conscientious people have been carrying around their gas-masks. There was a time when we all did it, even those of us who have little claim to conscience. That was during the Battle of Britain, when there was no knowing what further horrors Hitler might at any moment decide to dump on us from the skies. In fact, if you didn't carry your protective pig-snout, you were liable to be sent home for it by the first policeman that spotted its absence. And every now and then you got caught in a disciplinary gas-test, and paid with streaming eyes the penalty of your negligence.

Then, as the menace of poison-gas became less imminent, most of us grew a bit careless. Earnest A.R.P. wardens might remonstrate, but we began to leave the blamed thing on the hook in the cloak-room, instead of having it dangling from our shoulder.

A gas-mask is an exceedingly awkward and tiresome thing to carry—always getting in the way, always banging into obstacles and people, always gouging you unexpectedly in tender places, always being forgotten, always having to be retrieved. And no sort of case that was ever invented for it seemed to make it much less of a nuisance.

At Last, Release!

Now at long last we have been officially released from the odious necessity of lugging our gas-mask about with us. We are even asked to leave it at home. Not for a long time has an official request met with such an enthusiastic reception. The idea is to preserve the thing from possible damage, rubber being so scarce as it now is.

We haven't much to thank the Japs for, but apparently we have to thank them for this. We have also, and much more gratefully, to thank Mr. Herbert Morrison, who made the announcement in the House of Commons. Sensible fellow, 'Erb!

At the same time, I cannot help wondering how many gas-masks are left, and in what condition most of them are. Three years is quite a long time for an article of this sort, and a good many of them have had pretty rough treatment. Besides, there is nothing so easy to mislay and forget as a gas-mask—psychoanalysts probably have a name for the complex—and gas-masks once mislaid are not always recovered.

It may even be that quite a large proportion of those prim and proper people, who were never seen without their gas-mask case swinging on its jaunty little strap, didn't have a gas-mask in it at all, but their lunch, or something to read or smoke, or, in the case of the ladies, such materials for beautification as might be needed in a hurry. You never can tell about these matters.

One rather consoling reflection, now that we don't have to carry the things any more, is that we shameless ones, who nearly always left our gas-masks at home, still have them, and in perfect condition—except perhaps from some slight deterioration of the rubber—while the worthy persons who lugged them about, have either lost them, or damaged them to such an extent that they would hardly keep out a bumble-bee. Thus is virtue not rewarded. War is an immoral business.

England's Footpaths

Few countries in the world are so fortunate as England in the matter of public footpaths—densely populated countries, that is, because in the wilderness naturally you can take or make what trails you please. But here is an ancient and crowded country, where footpaths wander delightfully across fields and through bits of woodland, so that in most parts of it you can go for miles and never set foot on a highroad except to cross it. As a result English people are a nation of walkers. Who that can wouldn't, where walking is made such a pleasure?

Now these footpaths, most of them centuries old, are threatened by the new policy of ploughing up the grasslands. Many of them have already disappeared, or survive only in sections. Over and over again you come to the familiar stile, and find that a field of wheat or oats bars your way. And nobody wades across such crops in these days.

All this is, of course, inevitable. It is much more important to eat than to walk. But what is going to happen to the footpaths when the war is over? Will the landowners who dislike them—naturally there are quite a few, especially the new ones with much property sense and no local tradition—will they be allowed to keep them closed? They have often tried in the past, and they are likely to try harder than ever in the future.

Fortunately, there is a powerful association for the protection of such public rights—the Footpaths Preservation Society. It met in London the other day, and reported that it had dealt during the year with nearly 1,000 cases of complaint. Nothing can be done about them just now, but the great thing is to make jealous landowners understand that, when the war is over, these ancient privileges must be restored.

The Defence Regulations provide for all that, and every precaution is apparently being taken to see that the ruling is carried out. So one of these days we shall probably be able to walk again, in complete freedom as before, over the lovely English countryside. But in this, as in far greater things, the price of freedom is constant watchfulness. It is good to know that the watch is being kept.

War and Bagpipes

War has brought all sorts of horrible anxieties to every part of the country, but Scotland has special troubles of its own—troubles which perhaps do not waken among the rest of us the eager sympathy which they should. The supply of bagpipes is running out. The 66 per cent tax—no, no, not an entertainment tax! There would be something ironic about that. Just a purchasing tax, but 66 per cent for a' that, a financial wallop that has the bagpipe industry back on its heels and rocking.

Another difficulty is that the small reeds which make the things skirl come from Spain. Who would have thought that? Probably the Spanish way of getting even for the defeat of the Armada. Whatever the reason, they do come from Spain—or did, for we don't import anything from Spain these days, not even vital necessities like sherry. And no reeds, no skirling, and therefore no pipes, for a non-skirling bagpipe is something that only a mere Sassenach could consider with equanimity.

Naturally the attention of Parliament has been called to this acute national distress north of the Border. Two Scottish Members have made passionate pleas on the subject—one of them, the new M.P. for Central Edinburgh, devoting his maiden speech to it. There's a man who knows his way to the hearts of his compatriots! It seems that something will have to be done about it. We can't have Scotland deciding to back out of the war. Since skirling is what they want—well, skirl they must.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Given to Hospitality

BY MARJORIE REESOR

I LOOKED up from staking the hollyhocks, laid low by the storm, just in time to see Cousin Hattie come around the corner on her bicycle, pedalling like mad. She was in full battle dress and her hair had been freshly done.

"Wouldn't you know?" She bounced off the wheel, "Here I am ready to go to that luncheon for Kitty and Harry phones he's bringing one of their Montreal men home for dinner. Really, sometimes I wonder I don't leave Harry. No consideration."

"Fine thing, Hattie, if a man can't invite a business associate to dinner."

"Business associate?" Hattie gestured with a new pump which she had tenderly removed. "Do you know who he is? He's the Senior Partner! Harry couldn't let some of the others invite him. What about the Simpsons? They still have two maids. What about the Crowleys? And me giving a supper-party for Kitty and Rod after the wedding rehearsal tomorrow night."

"Maybe he won't accept, Hattie," I soothed. "Maybe he'll catch the night train home. Montreallers usually do."

"Accept? He has already. Took it lock, stock and barrel; hook, line and sinker. Said he'd appreciate a nice 'homey' meal. His family is still at Metis. %O-o-h!"

"He'll get an awful jolt if he thinks the little woman is going to prepare it." I helped.

"First thing I know," complained Hattie, "Lorraine will leave. I notice she's been reading the ads lately. All the entertaining for Kitty has got her down."

"Well, of course, with Kitty's father overseas and Harry giving Kitty away, you more or less have to move into the front line, don't you?"

Tight but Distinguished

For a minute Hattie forgot the Senior Partner. "Harry tried on his morning suit last night. Hasn't worn it since Grandpa Cullen's funeral. It's getting a little tight but I must say he looks quite distinguished when he's dressed up. Too bad he only puts it on for weddings and funerals." Carefully she removed the other shoe.

"Hattie," I replied, "If you could let just one shoe-sale pass! Perhaps as the war goes on you will learn to spend wisely."

"Isn't that what I'm doing?" She retorted in a "my-feet-are-killing-me" tone. "The Government advises us to take advantage of the markets. Well, to continue, Harry and Kitty are having quite a bout. He says it's all very well for the bride and groom to ride to the air-port in a jeep. That's up to them. *But* she must wear stockings to the church. Says he refuses to lead her up the aisle with bare, painted legs. I say a girl with a face like Kitty's can do as she pleases."

"She's a beautiful girl," I agreed. "I suppose the gifts are rolling in now. Many more to hear from?"

"Well, Young Harry was over sizing it up yesterday. He says an average day's 'take' is now well over thirty. Really, I don't know where they'll put the stuff in an apartment. There's still nothing from the Thompsons. Harry was saying last night they should kick in with something pretty fancy. Wish they'd send a cheque. Those youngsters could use a little cold cash instead of so many hostess trays and silent butlers."

"Don't worry, Hattie. Kitty will change the things she can't use. This generation knows how to get along. If a gift doesn't ring the bell of approval back it goes. Why, they even use some of the exchange credits to send gifts to their friends!"

"H-m-m!" Hattie was thoughtful. "In the end your money might buy a gift for the little Jones girl, although you have never heard of her?"

"That's the idea. Co-operative gifting, you might call it."

"C'est la guerre," murmured Hattie. "It takes the kids to face the facts. No use keeping a lot of useless junk. I'll be glad when the wedding is over. It's a frightful responsibility. I wish I had never suggested having the reception in our garden. What if it rains?"

"Simple enough," I comforted. "If it rains you'll just have to move the theatre of operations indoors. Your drawing-room would be perfect. You could . . . ."

"Stop!" groaned Hattie. "I can't

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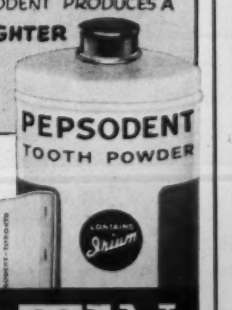

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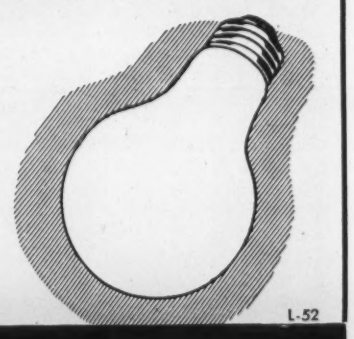

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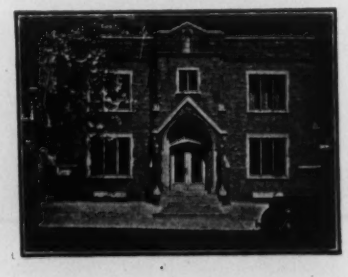

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worry any more about it. Come hell or highwater, the reception will be in the garden."

She eased the cartwheel from her freshly coiffed hair. "There, that's better. Think I'll go to the luncheon without a hat. Would you?" She smoothed a wave.

"No, I would not," I disagreed emphatically. Hattie usually sets a stiff pace as a style-leader and I didn't want her to let down. "Not at the home of Kitty's formidable Aunt Emily. Bad enough to arrive on a bicycle."

"Perhaps I *had* better get a taxi," Hattie yielded. "Like my new hair-do? André said it makes me look dramatic."

I had thought possibly Hattie had not slept well on account of the storm. I now realized it was her hair. "It's a change," I conceded.

Hattie replaced the cartwheel. "You can't hoodwink me," she remarked tartly, fishing a shoe-horn from her bag. "Harry thinks we should have champagne for the toasts. He says it's the world standard for festivity and that he can't get really warmed up to a wedding toast on punch. What do you think?"

Carefully I considered because I knew if it were fruit-punch I would spend the morning of the wedding over at Hattie's, measuring, squeezing and stirring. "I believe Harry's right," I sagely decided. "Even if it is only a good domestic brand. No person goes about looking at bottle labels at weddings. They can't expect Pol Roger in 1942."

"I sometimes think you and your Cousin Harry are in cahoots, the way you support his ideas!" Hattie stepped into the hall to look in the mirror. Sudden remembrance of their impending dinner-guest smote her once more. "What am I going to feed that Montreal tycoon?" She wailed.

"Why don't you use your outdoor grill and serve dinner in the garden?"

For a minute Hattie appeared interested. Then "Oh no. No. I'm afraid not. Not to the Aga. He's really hot stuff, even in Montreal."

"Oh go on, Hattie. I'll bet he'd go for it. Didn't Mrs. Roosevelt give a picnic for the King of England?"

Hattie had replaced both shoes and was plainly considering the grilled dinner. "Since you have such a wonderful talent for organization, perhaps you have some of your delectable barbecue-sauce made up," she ventured.

"I have," I admitted, "and it's yours." I knew from past experience there was no use hedging.

"If only I can persuade Young Harry not to play the 'Flight of the Bumblebee' on his harmonica. When he plays it twice through, his steak is done."

A shadow crossed her face. "He goes up for his final examination for the Air Force tomorrow. Personally I think his feet are a little flat," she confided hopefully.

Hattie was looking at several leaves she had plucked from the trumpet-vine. "I wonder whether they are bitter or sweet," she spoke to herself. Then suddenly she was aware of me again. "Usually read myself to sleep with Longfellow," she explained. "A verse I read last night has stayed with me:

> 'Then in Life's goblet freely press,
> The leaves that give it bitterness,
> Nor prize the colored water less,
> For in the darkness and distress
> New light and strength they give.' "

"Well," Hattie threw the leaves down and drew on her gloves. "Must be on my way. I'll call a taxi and phone Lorraine about the steaks." With a return of her usual savoir faire she went indoors.

My hollyhocks looked a little blurred as they gently nodded their heads. "Please God, don't let the leaves be too bitter," I prayed, thinking of Young Harry.

A Tale of Two Babies

BY PAULINE C. SHAPIRO

ON a mid-summer night, hot and so still that you could almost hear the apples falling from the trees, a mother came downstairs after attending to her sleeping baby. As she entered the living room she paused irresolute. It seemed a pity to draw the curtains and fill the room with hard, flashing electric light. The gentle shadows of the dusk fitted her mood better. She still felt about her that miracle of softness, her beautifully rounded firstborn abandoned to sleep. She stood there enclosed in the quiet and the darkness, complete in her love for her husband and baby.

But as she moved towards the open window the spell was broken, the outside world impinged. From down the street came the wailing of a baby and a child's shrill voice came nearer. The social worker in her rose. She left the room and passed quickly into the street to investigate.

There she found a pale tattered girl pushing a pale tattered infant in a ramshackle old pram. The infant, she learned, was two years old, but he was no bigger than her own year-old baby. As she looked at his bony, sagging limbs, his drawn woebegone little face streaked with dirt and tears and mucus, and remembered the rosiness and soft curves of her baby as he lay sleeping in his cot upstairs, it was indeed difficult, she thought, to recognize them as both infant members of the same species. How could she have been feeling so enclosed and at peace when conditions existed that produced pitiable objects like this? But aloud she said merely that the baby should have been in bed long ago and received the unexpected reply—"I took 'im 'ome once but me ma was tellin' Missus Brown 'er fortune and sent me out again."

Six years have passed since then, but the incident made such an impression upon her that she still remembers in every detail that piece of the slums breaking sharply in upon her excluding domestic happiness. The recollection of that half-starved, unloved infant juxtaposed against the rounded loveliness of her own baby has often served as a symbol to remind her that love fulfilled in home and family should never be enclosed by high hedges but should be outgoing and remedial in the vast fields beyond.

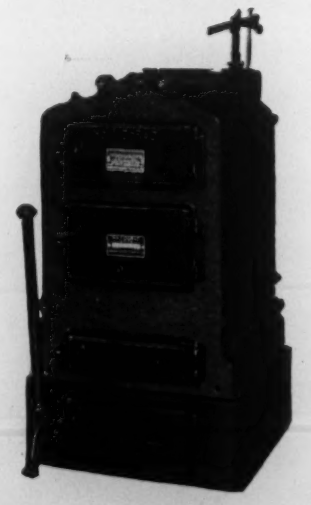
But was there any use in attempting remedies? Soon afterwards she heard a lecture in which Dr. Delisle Burns warned his audience of impending international disaster. He used a striking simile in discussing domestic reforms and international affairs, comparing the nations of Europe to ships at sea. What was the use of the ships being excellently manned and organized individually, he asked, if they were so badly navigated that they crashed into each other? There seemed no answer to that question then.

* * *

IN the stillness of another summer night in Canada the same mother is now gazing upon a sleeping baby even more beautiful than her firstborn, or so he seems to eyes and arms hungry for home and husband. As she lays him, limp and rosy, back in his cot and walks away in the stillness of evening in the country, once more suffused with the magic of that soft and trusting abandon to sleep, she knows there is nothing now to break in upon her sense of fulfilment save the ghosts of other babies not lucky enough to have been evacuated before they were born. No actual interruption, but a real one nevertheless. Juxtaposed against the rounded loveliness of her own baby so safely tucked in his borrowed cot is the thought of all those others, the hungry ones of Europe.

But now the pictures have merged, the firstborn in his own home and the neglected slum child with the secondborn in a distant land and the bombed baby in Europe. She knows the answer to Dr. Delisle Burns' question. Everybody knows the answer, for it has been given in the joint manifesto of Roosevelt and Churchill. Social reform and social security are recognized as the prerequisites of healthy international relations. The ships must be well manned and organized individually IN ORDER TO be well navigated. The babies must every one be well fed, well housed and tenderly nurtured that they may grow up, no longer blindfold sacrifices to a mechanized Mars, but the confident citizens of rehabilitated lands and of a new international order.

and for HEAT



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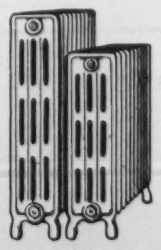

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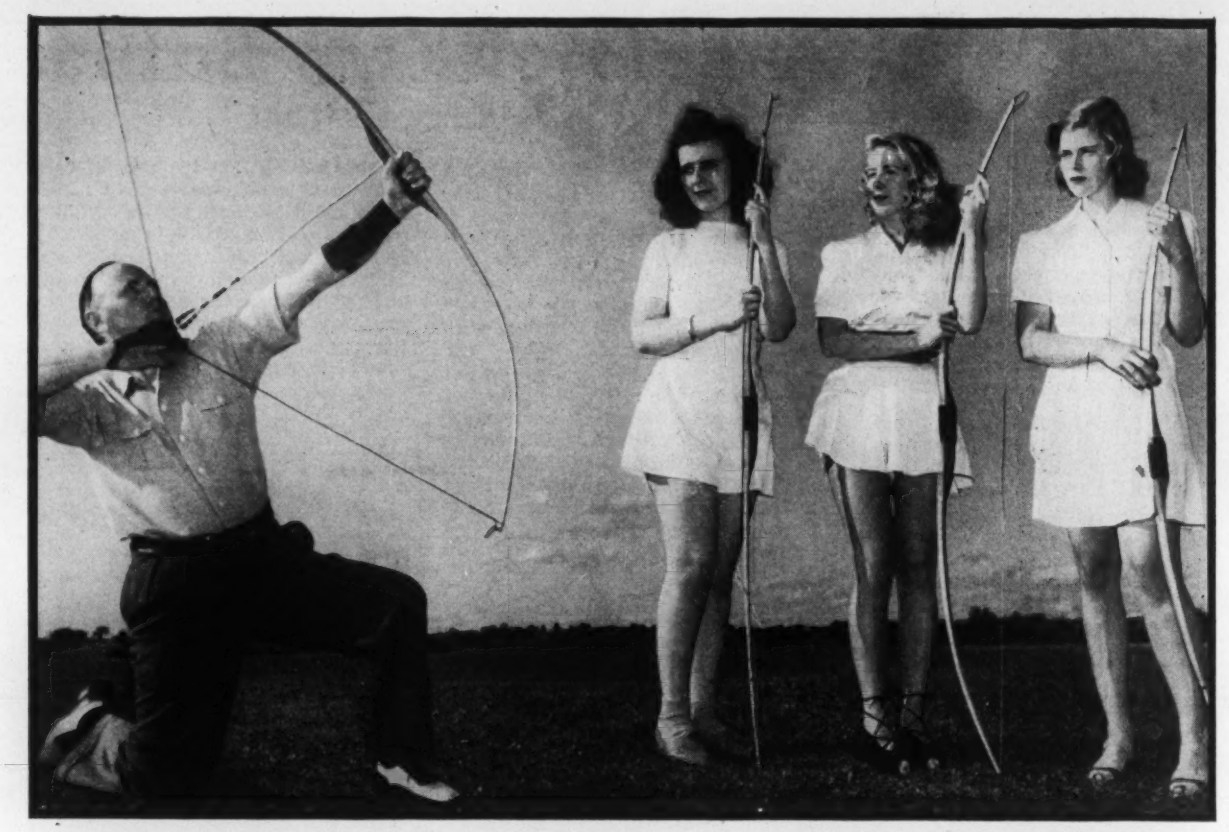
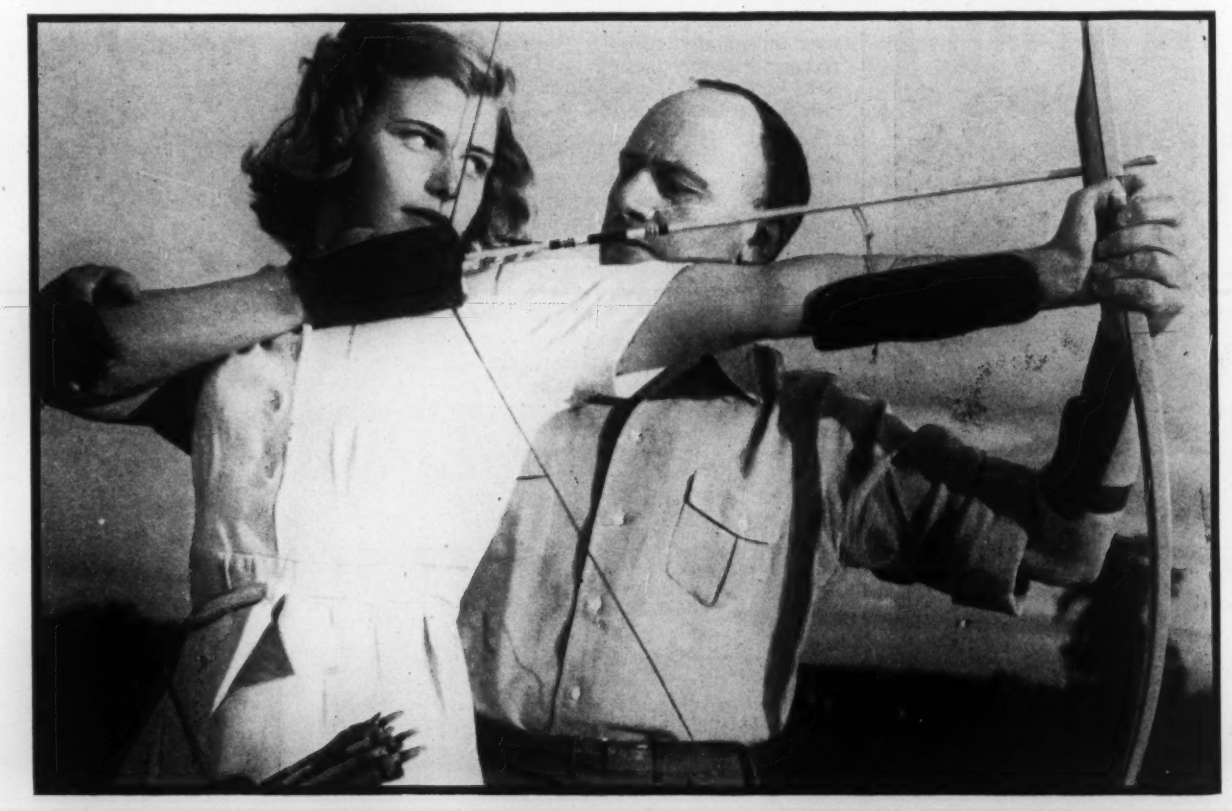


In this ancient sport, so the experts say, it is "good style" that marks one as a finished archer. Here Helen Gougeon, Beatrice Kemp and Norah Lewis are shown the right way to hold and draw a bow.



Theory is now put into practice. Miss Lewis is reminded by Instructor M. de Jonckheere that arms ought to be held in a straight line and that all pulling should be done with the right shoulder.

It Takes More Than Pull To Get on In This Game!

BY DOUGLAS LEECHMAN

IF YOU are among the unhappy ones regretfully laying up their golf clubs because balls are hard to come by and gas rationing has put the favorite course out of reach, why not try a hand at archery? Here is an ancient and comparatively little known sport which today is enjoying a revival that bids fair to make it one of the most popular games in wartime Canada .... if only because bows and arrows of yew-wood, strings of rawhide and targets of straw are in little or no danger of rationing. It's a sport the weaker sex (?) can play at, too, a fact demonstrated in the accompanying pictures of Beatrice Kemp, Norah Lewis, and Helen Gougeon of Ottawa. With them is their instructor, M. de Jonckheere.

The first essential in archery is a good style. The best way to develop that is to shoot with somebody who knows good style, knows shooting, and knows the pitfalls which await the beginner in archery.

Perfect style can be acquired only by constant practice. Learn to do each thing exactly right and do it in exactly the same way each time you shoot. That may sound easy, but it isn't. There are so many variables involved, so many things that have some influence over the flight of the arrow, and each of them has to be changed from a 'variable' to an 'invariable'. It is much more important to learn to shoot in the right way than it is to make a good score or even to hit the target at all. High scores may come later, but never unless you develop a sound style.

The archers shown here have not yet developed a good style, but they are enthusiastic, and that counts for a lot. One of the first things they learn is how to stand—at right angles to the target, not facing it, and with the weight balanced on the two feet. How to hold the bow must also be learned, how to "nock" an arrow, how to "draw," and how to "loose."

Only after these things have been done correctly can we hope for a score. Just how big a score we shall know when we walk down to the other end of the range to pull the arrows out of the 'gold' (not the 'bull's-eye', please) and count up our nines, sevens, fives, threes and ones. There's even a proper way to pull the arrows out, and to pick up those which have missed the target entirely!

Archery is not an expensive sport. You can buy a suitable bow, eight arrows, a bracer and finger tabs, all for about ten or twelve dollars. Prices for a good yew bow go up and up, and the best arrows will cost you over a dollar each, but there is no need to buy a high-priced outfit until you become a really good archer, and have reached the point where you're certain poor scores are due to imperfect tackle and not to imperfect style.

Target shooting is by no means the only kind of archery that is practised. There's archery golf; and there's roving, which means walking through the woods and fields with one or more companions, shooting at such things as patches of weeds, and taking it in turns to select the next target; trick shooting of various kinds attracts many people, but don't try a William Tell shot with a living 'William', not just at first, anyway.

Flight shooting, for distance only without much regard for direction, takes a strong bow and a strong pull. Some people shoot it in 'regular' style, while others hope to get more distance by 'free' style efforts, one of which is illustrated here. With a really strong bow the archer is slid back a couple of feet on his (or her) seat when the arrow is released.

Hunting is the form of archery which some people prefer to all others. There are not many kinds of wild game, large or small, which have not fallen to the modern archer's arrow. It takes a strong bow, a good hunting shaft, a keen eye, steady nerve. Roving, it is agreed, is the best practice for the would-be hunter.

And, just a word of caution. Don't point! Never aim an arrow at anybody just in fun. A bow is a dangerous weapon, as deadly as a "twenty-two", if not more so. An arrow carries death to the end of its course, and even today it is probably still true that in the course of centuries more men have died by the bow than by the rifle.

PICTURES BY MALAK

"It is all in the way you hold it." Mr. de Jonckheere shows his three pupils the right way to "nock" an arrow.

Position's everything in free style flight shooting: Here an enthusiast strives for distance, not accuracy.

There's a right and a wrong way to pull your arrow from the target. Beatrice Kemp demonstrates the right method.

THE OTHER PAGE

Heaven Lies About Us

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

MRS. PETTIGREW picked up the baby robin and it lay in her hand without a flutter, its eyes bright with panic. "Where are the cats?" she asked quickly.

"They're inside the screen door," Tinka said. "Let me hold it. *Please* can I hold it?"

"I think perhaps I'd better," Mrs. Pettigrew said, glancing at the two cats. They sat behind the kitchen screen, bolt upright and motionless and vividly interested. "We'll go in the side door," she said, "and put it upstairs on the veranda roof."

The children ran ahead and unlatched the window screen and Mrs. Pettigrew followed them and put the baby robin gently on the roof. "Now its mother and father can get it and the cats can't," she said.

"How will they get it back in the nest?" Tinka asked.

"Oh I expect they'll manage," Mrs. Pettigrew said, not too hopefully. She had a Disney-esque vision of the parent robins making a chair of their feet and carrying the baby off to safety, but she felt she couldn't quite promise that. For if there is anything less resourceful than a baby robin, she thought, it is a baby robin's parents. "Anyway they can bring it worms," she said.

Tinka looked anxious. "If they don't will it die?" she asked.

"Of course not," Mrs. Pettigrew said. "We can bring it worms ourselves."

"In our mouths?" Martie said hopefully.

"In our mouths!" Tinka said. "Is she ever dopey?"

"They won't come back while we're looking," Mrs. Pettigrew said, and drew the curtains. "So perhaps you'd better get ready for bed. You can come back and look when you've brushed your teeth."

AS usual Martie got the tooth-paste first. "She always gets it first," Tinka said, "and she doesn't even clean her teeth, she just sucks her tooth-brush." She snatched at the tooth-paste, but Martie held on. "I do not," she said; "you're a dirty pig."

Mrs. Pettigrew sighed and taking the tube laid a neat putty-colored strip on each toothbrush. "Now don't forget," she said. "Up and down."

Martie paused holding her tooth-brush. "You'll die before we do, won't you?" she said, "Because see, you're older than we are."

"I dare say," Mrs. Pettigrew said and screwed the top back on the tooth-paste tube. "You have to brush the backs of your teeth too, remember," she said.

When they got back to the window the baby robin was still standing where they had left it. Its large silly head hung forward and its twig-like feet clung to the tiles. It was getting dark now and the little shape was beginning to dissolve in twilight. Watching it Mrs. Pettigrew felt a disproportionate wrench of pity. "If it dies will it go to Heaven?" Martie asked.

"Of course it will," Mrs. Pettigrew said briskly. There had been a time when she had been a little scrupulous and uncertain about Heaven but lately she had been recklessly committing everything — squirrels, starlings, goldfish, even caterpillars and fishworms—to a happy future state. After all, she thought, there's no refuge like orthodoxy. "It's getting dark," Tinka said. She glanced back into the room and out of the window again. Inside darkness was solid and familiar. But outside darkness was still strange, and immense and disquieting. "It's all right, darling," Mrs. Pettigrew said, "Its mother can find it in the dark."

Tinka stared out of the window, measuring mother-love against darkness. Then she went and climbed into bed and pulled the covers over her head. Martie got down then and climbed into her own bed. "Tinka's crying," she said.

Tinka held the covers tightly over her face. "I don't want the baby robin out in the dark," she said. Martie began to cry too then. The crying grew louder and louder and presently the grief and fear went out of it, it had turned to the familiar last-minute madness that prolongs bedtime. "You must stop crying," Mrs. Pettigrew said, and raised her voice. "You mustn't make a noise or you'll frighten the mother robin away. Close your eyes and listen and maybe you'll hear her coming back."

The wailing stopped, they closed their eyes and lay listening. Their breathing grew longer and quieter.

MRS. PETTIGREW woke just after daylight and lay for a moment trying to think what it was she was to remember first thing in the morning. Then she got up and put on a dressing-gown and went to the window

The baby robin lay huddled and dead beside the brickwork under the children's window. They were still asleep but anything now would waken them, curious and alert. That meant the whole problem of death and immortality would have to be faced before breakfast. She unlatched the screen, climbed out on the roof, picked up the baby robin and crept back fearfully into the house. The household was still silent and sleeping. Mrs. Pettigrew stole downstairs and into the garden, where she buried the baby robin swiftly and safely behind the shrubbery.

The little garden was perfectly still and wonderfully alive, the brick walls just beginning to flush with the promise of a perfect summer day. Heaven lies about us, Mrs. Pettigrew thought, and this time was able to omit the uncomfortable corollary, how we lie about Heaven.

She went around to the front of the house and picked up the morning paper, and the two cats scrambled down from the porch swing and slid past her into the house. Upstairs the children were already at the window. "The mother robin came and got it," Tinka said. "Where have you been?"

"Isn't that fine?" Mrs. Pettigrew said. "Just downstairs." She sat down on the side of the bed and unfolded the paper. And instantly the image began to unroll like a blurred nightmare newsreel, the monstrous shapes of war advancing over the barricade of dead. Tinka came and sat down beside her. "What does the paper say?" she asked, and spelled out, "F-a-i-r." "Fair and warm, fair and warm," she shouted, "Now we can go to the Island."

Delivery of Hurricanes to RAF fighting units in Britain is now being done by women. Here one of them, equipped with parachute, goes aboard.

EATON'S FALL FASHIONS WEEK

SIMPLICITY, yes . . but a new kind of simplicity . . . a beautiful simplicity, a dignified simplicity. A simplicity that really after all is just good taste, an awareness of the times. Something you probably believe in anyway, but which the government hopes you will practise now . . .

SIMPLICITY that you will welcome as the only way to dress this fall . . because it's an expression of what your life should be . . . clear-cut, purposeful. It's looking right for your job, right for your relaxation . . yet it's looking ladylike and lovely and at all times cheery . . .

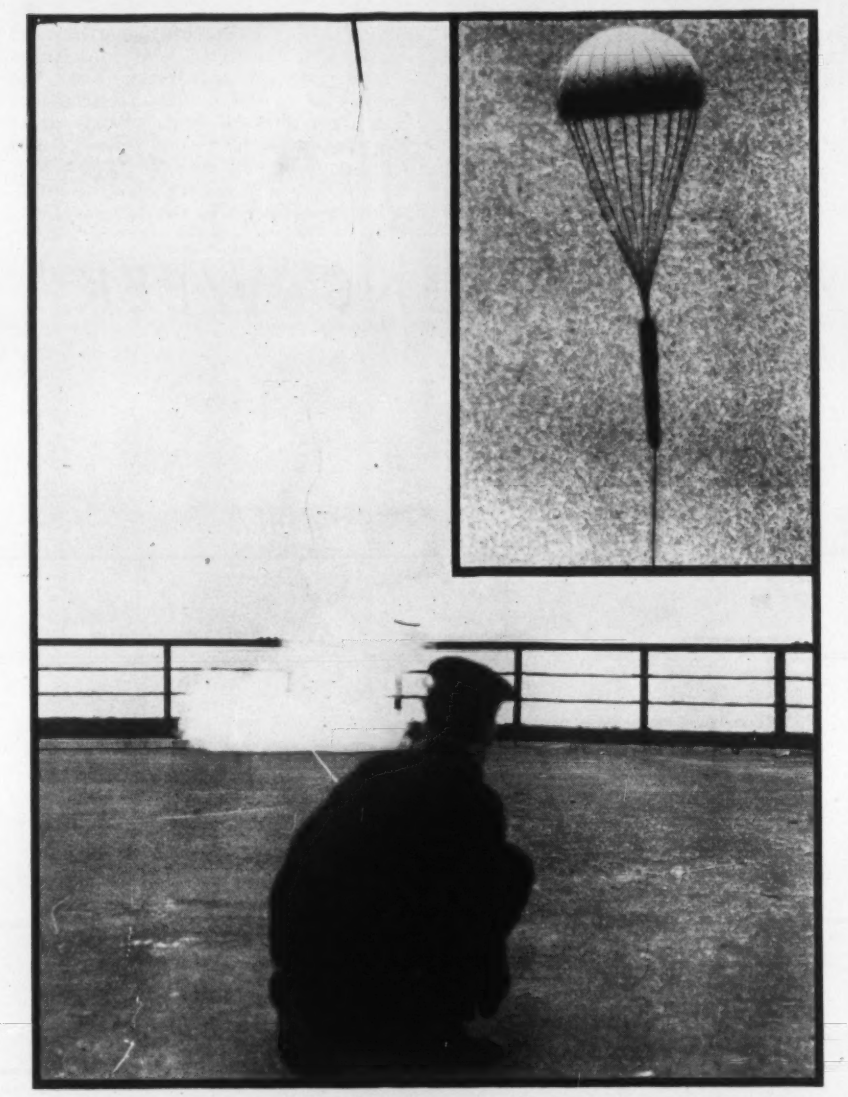
SIMPLICITY born of the government request to save fabric . . . the answer . . . a lean, lithe silhouette shorn of non-essentials . . . short on material but long on ingenuity. Simplicity that fires the imagination . . . saved from monotony by surprise notes . . . draped hiplines, artful use of unrationed braid, wink of sequin, brush-stroke of fur, neckline of pearls . . . and colour, colour, colour . . . in a single stab, or in multi-effects (in deference to possible dye shortages.)

SIMPLICITY of dress, because there isn't much of your dress any more . . . a wrapped-around-the-figure look, with waistlines clutched in front. Big easy-over-the-shoulder coats that oblige you by day or night . . . slender skirts, abbreviated jackets . . the short evening dress with low decolletage and starry trim, that seems here to stay as long as there are snatched furloughs and sudden partings . . and running rampant everywhere colour, colour, colour! . like a daring challenge, like a gay refrain . . even playing in and around its old competitor black. Red, red, red . . and in its wake, greens, golds, purples and grapy, fruity tones.

SIMPLICITY, but great charm . the theme of our Autumn collections at EATON'S.

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED

Safety for the Investor SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1942 *P. M. Richards, Financial Editor*



Nazi airmen have learned to fear this British Navy parachute rocket. When fired it opens into a parachute with long wires attached. Discharged at enemy planes as they swoop to attack ships, its trailing wires entangle the aircraft or force change of course. Pictures show (below) the charge which propels the parachute rocket being loaded into the mortar-type gun which fires it. Above: the gun, loaded with its parachute rocket, is fired by a naval rating who uses a lanyard so as to avoid "back-blast" from the exploding charge. The picture inset shows the rocket itself, with its trailing wire, floating in the air. Details of this new defensive weapon have only recently been disclosed.

The Menace of Collectivism

BY STANLEY McCONNELL

An ominous trend in current discussions of the problems of the postwar world is the political approach as exemplified in the collectivist movement. While fighting collectivism of the Right, the democracies are menaced by collectivism of the Left. The former rests upon the concentration of financial power, the latter upon the concentration of political power. Both are inconsistent with the democratic principle which is based on economic independence.

The solution of capitalistic ills lies not in the political, but in the economic sphere. Collectivism is not a solution but merely a naive delegation of the task. The scientific approach is to identify and remove the cause of economic maladjustments.

MR. JOHN CITIZEN, a confused and harassed individual shaken from his accustomed moorings by the sweep of giant forces over which he has lost control, is searching for a new datum line, a formula with which to build a better world. Distrustful of leadership which, after failing to provide any solution for pressing social and economic problems, was unable to save him from a catastrophic world war, he has lost for the moment all sense of direction. Where shall the remedy for these ills be found—in the field of economics, politics, religion or philosophy? Can any new form of social organization be invented that has not already been tried? If he could find the answer to these questions he might at least reorientate himself and begin to plan for the future.

Shopping for a new world order, he is faced with the hazard of collectivism, a movement which was already discernible in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It implies a political approach to the basic problem of a social order, the production and distribution of wealth. It was marked by an increasing appeal to the power of the state to regulate the economic relationships of the people by means of taxation, social services and directive laws. It led eventually to the demand that the state should expropriate the instruments of production and operate them in the interest of the community at large.

Today all roads lead to collectivism. As evidence, one has only to examine the various models for a new world order in current reform literature. A few paragraphs or even a chapter may be devoted to a scanty analysis of existing economic arrangements. Then the author passes fully qualified but with evident relief to the discussion of such subjects as world federation, international relationships and a planned economy.

Under the whip of a total war effort, the democracies are being schooled to accept the intervention of the state in every department of industry. Business men, accepting overhead controls as a necessary war measure, view the trend with misgiving. Others see it as a mark of progress. Sir Stafford Cripps, England's brilliant Left Wing advocate, declares in a recent pronouncement that "if the scourge of unemployment, unnecessary ill-health and the waste of human ability which our educational and social system permitted in the past . . . . are to be avoided, it can hardly be doubted that the responsibilities of the State will grow."

Unemployment, malnutrition, the waste of human ability, the failure to utilize the potential capacity of the Machine, are economic maladjustments. They have undoubtedly an economic cause. The failure to identify that cause in the economic sphere and to seek a political cure for these ills is an unscientific approach to the problems of a technological age. It is a form of escapism which would entrust the whole organization of society to a number of worthy but fallible *individuals* who happen to constitute the state. It is a magnificent act of delegation of which no group of individuals, however well disposed, has ever been worthy.

The political approach to a solu-

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

A Cause Worth Fighting For

BY P. M. RICHARDS

EVERY thinking person is aware that a great handicap of the Democracies is their lack of an inspiring Cause—a Cause which their young men fervently believe to be worth fighting and dying for—something beyond the mere overcoming of Bad Man Hitler. Obviously defeating Hitler in itself is a negative act; the world is not necessarily any better off after doing it than it was before Hitler came. A victory which merely restores pre-Hitler conditions means, to the young, bringing back a world featured by economic depression, unemployment and denial of opportunity. If these things are Democracy, then what price Democracy?

Last week Columnist Dorothy Thompson quoted a letter from a young American soldier. He had found that his comrades had plenty of good old-fashioned fighting "guts," but that they lacked the faith in American institutions of their fathers in the last war. Their fathers had believed they were fighting to end wars and to preserve decency and progress; the sons would fight too, but with their tongues in their cheeks. "Why," he cried, "are we not given a cause worth it all? . . . Give the Yankee that, and he will swim across the ocean; deny it to him, and he is little better than a trained machine. Tell him he is not fighting for the preservation of the old, but for the construction of the new."

The lad was right, of course; we greatly need a Cause which we can all accept and fight for; without it we may lose the war even though we defeat Hitler. And Dorothy was right when she assailed us of the older generation: " . . . They seem to think, calculatingly, we will win the war by sheer force of material and manpower; we will establish another nineteenth century peace of one kind or another, with a few borders reconstructed and our enemies disarmed; then we will have a new period of prosperity. American democracy will go on as it has gone on for the last forty years . . . "

A New World

Two days later Dorothy wrote enthusiastically of the social implications of a speech by Dr. Charles M. A. Stine to the American Chemical Society in Buffalo. Said Dr. Stine: "Under pressure of the necessities of war, the inconceivables of only two years ago are today's realities. American chemists are discovering new continents of matter and the world of 1940 has already become an antiquity. When the war is won we will have at our command ten to a hundred times what we had before in new materials . . . ". But to make the future world bright and fantastically rich, we must have, he said, "a victorious peace and the freedom of enterprise it should guarantee."

Dorothy Thompson rightly pointed out that there is a vast difference between the freedom of enterprise of the twenties and thirties and the freedom of enterprise today. The amazing and revolutionary developments of wartime are not solely the product of war; though "decades of scientific development have been telescoped into weeks and months, . . . everything that has been brought out in the last nine months (neither Dorothy nor Dr. Stine is aware of any contribution by scientists other than American) was there before, latent and unused." The war created a social necessity which had to be met, regardless of profits, prices, competitors and traditional financial considerations; the credit of the whole nation was made available for the production of war necessities and the market for them was assured. "This is the new freedom that sets every scientific mind thinking, every inventor creating, every wheel turning, every hand working."

Why Not Be Rich?

We can't go back to the old freedom of enterprise, says Dorothy; why should we be poor when (by bringing to light and energizing the latent possibilities in science) we might be rich, why should we be stagnant when we might be creative, unemployed when we might be working? We see around us what can be done in wartime; why not in peacetime too?

Though Dorothy didn't say so, there seems to be a relationship between the democracies' need for a Cause and the possibilities for a brave new world indicated by Dr. Stine and the advances of science. Millions will agree whole-heartedly that capitalism and private enterprise must somehow be made to adapt themselves to the new setting. Governments can't do it alone, but governments and private enterprise in a co-operative partnership can do it and must do it if peace is to be of any advantage to the world. Could not the Atlantic Charter be supplemented by a new declaration by the Democracies giving a more concrete form to the world of the future?

It seems to this column that our young men have a Cause worth fighting for—the right, which Hitler seeks to deny them, to bring into being and enjoy the New World which the advances of science are now making possible, a free world in which science is made to serve the common good and not the interests of private business or of reactionary Nazi war-lords.

Now that her ornamental fences and other non-essential bric-a-brac of metal have largely gone for salvage, Britain is turning to her historical pieces like this Crimean War gun, here being broken up for scrap.

tion of economic ills is a mental hiatus which offers peculiar dangers in the transitional period upon which we have entered. It is difficult to account for this curious unawareness of the structure of the present order and its motivating forces. Socialists believe in all sincerity that democracy and collectivism are not incompatible. A study of the origin of the liberal order might convince them of the fact. Political freedom did not precede the industrial revolution. It was a derivative of the new technique of production founded on the division of labor, private enterprise and the market. Collectivism would replace that technique by regimentation and state control of production, prices and economic rewards.

Bureaucracy

With private property in land and capital eliminated, a new form of property, the emoluments of office, would take its place. Private enterprise, sharpened to efficiency by the force of competition, would yield to the inefficiency of a bureaucracy. The profit incentive would be replaced by the desire for power, a weakness to which human nature is equally susceptible. The class distinction would become even more marked in an all-embracing category of rulers and ruled.

It is conceivable that such a system might begin as a benevolent dictatorship inspired by a high vision and the ideal of human brotherhood. It would inevitably end as a self-perpetuating despotism preserved by the reality of economic power, the ownership and control of the entire machinery of production and the police power of the state. Political freedom as expressed in the franchise is based on economic independence. John Citizen, stripped of his basic rights, the freedom of contract, the right of private property, the right to operate a business of his own, would have no power to enforce any other rights. Dependent on his civil master for his job and livelihood, he would cast his vote in the knowledge that he endangered both by the free exercise of that final vestige of his rights.

Collectivism by any other name does not become more palatable. The democracies are fighting collectivism of the Right under the guise of nazism and fascism. It would be an empty victory and one of the ironies of history if after the war they should embrace collectivism of the Left in the form of socialism or communism. Once the principle of more government in business has been admitted, there is no economic activity from which it can be excluded. Like the Arab's camel, when the head has been admitted, it will finish by occupying the whole tent.

Collectivism of the Left would replace an oligarchy of finance by the rule of a governing officialdom. Collectivism of the Right would preserve intact the financial machinery upon which its power is based and promulgate its initial decrees under the cloak of the democratic process. Between them there is little to choose. Each would ensure the individual the security of a regimented life, cushioned from the natural law of rewards and punishments. Each, though it might for a time preserve the form of democratic institutions, must deny him their substance, the right of free expression and initiative. Each would subordinate the end to the means, the higher evolution of man to his physical support. The splendid adventure of life would fade to the drab monotony of a well ordered hive.

The Crowning Folly

Thus at the moment when man, through two centuries of unparalleled scientific progress, had achieved a technical mastery of matter, he would find the very form of his society conditioned by the old material compulsions of an age of scarcity. Such an outcome would be the crowning folly of an era not unrelieved by genius and light. Imprisoned in a rigid political form, held in subjection by the forces he had failed to master, for Homo Sapiens the light that flickered in the past would be extinguished in the shadow of a darker age.

The danger is acute. In the midst of the insecurities and dislocations of a world war, grandiose federal schemes for a new and better order assume an added attractiveness. There is all the more reason to submit them to the most searching examination. Thinking in political terms, the proponents of such "orders" have somehow forgotten that during the past two centuries a functional society of world dimensions has been slowly evolving through the ordinary activities of production and trade.

The arresting of that growth was not so much the result of international policies as of economic practices within each nation which led to a partial stoppage of production and increasing social insecurity. It was these economic strains and tensions which were directly responsible for the war itself. To seek political union before the causes of functional disunity are identified and removed would merely canalize the infection and expose the citizen of tomorrow to the greater hazard of a world collectivist state.

A Middle Way

The unfinished task of the liberal age is to clear its inner vision and to realize at once the greatness of its peril and the measure of its opportunity. Collectivism is not, as its advocates would have it, the imperative of the future, but an historical miscarriage, an attempted return to an earlier form of society which mankind has long since outgrown. Between collectivism of the Left and Right there is a middle way which may provide the two essentials of the fuller life, freedom and security. It is to consult the records of the past, to re-examine the values of the liberal age, to apply the scientific method not merely to the technique of production, but to that of distribution.

While it is a program which involves much labor, it is the only one which can provide an outlet from postwar economic and financial chaos. The problems are not to be exorcized by a lapse of memory or by entrusting their solution to an official *Fuehrer*. They require a rigid examination of traditional financial practices which have led to maldistribution, to an unbalanced economy and finally to the dangerous premise that the institution of private property is the root cause of social maladies. It is the scientific method of patient sifting of facts and of tracing effects to a primary cause. It is a method which has guided all progress in the past, which has enabled men to preserve what is good and to discard what is ill. It is the only method which can shed light on the future.

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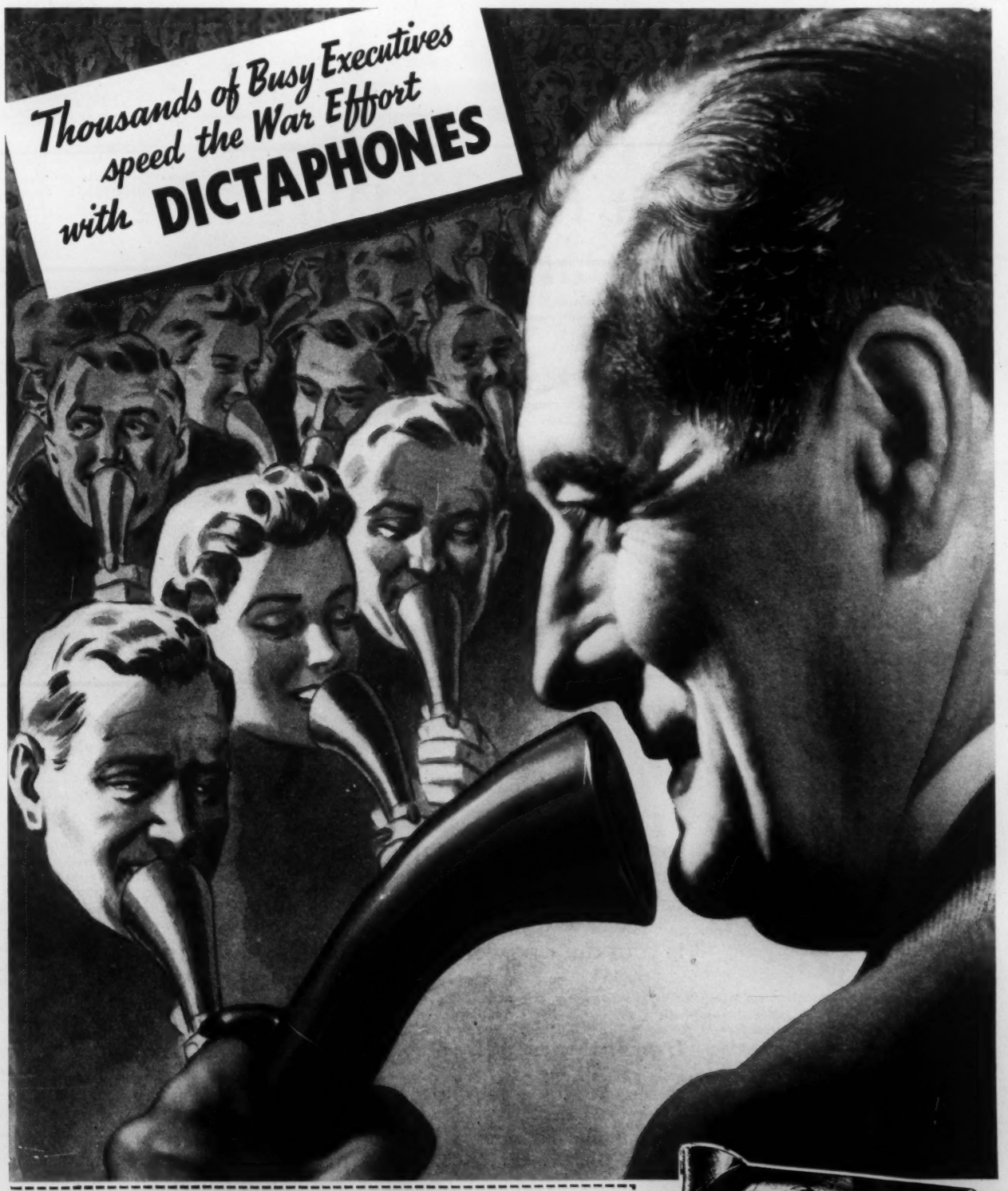

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

ACME FARMERS DAIRY

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am told that Acme Farmers Dairy Limited preferred shares are a good buy because of a big increase in earnings but that dividends are not being paid and are in arrears. I would be glad of full information regarding the prospect for resumption of dividends and the earnings and financial situation.

—L. P. B., Oshawa, Ont.

Yes, Acme Farmers Dairy Limited is doing better, with earnings of $5.83 per share of preferred for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1942, comparing with only 1 cent per share the previous year. Preferred shareholders are entitled to dividends of $7 per share per year, but nothing has been paid since 1933 and arrears amounted to $66.50 per share on July 1 last. Quotations on the shares are around $47 bid, $50 asked. As regards the prospects for payment, it is reported that the directors would prefer to consider plans for re-organization of the company on a basis that would wipe out arrears and permit resumption of regular dividends rather than make piecemeal reductions of the arrears.

The company's operating profit amounted to $293,022 in the last fiscal year, up from $265,069 the previous year, $165,561 two years ago and $98,954 in the year ended in 1939. Depreciation, which had been sharply increased the year before, was moderately reduced from $206,675 to $167,212. This more than offset an increase in income taxes from $21 to $27,111, so that net income was up from $87 to $40,788, the best level in many years.

There was a further substantial improvement in the company's finances in the latest year, net working capital amounting to $284,516 at March 31, 1942 as compared with $148,536 the previous year-end and $37,774 two years ago. At the end of the latest fiscal period the company had cash of $199,378 and Dominion of Canada bonds of $125,000 as against cash alone of $191,939 one year earlier. Inventory was increased from $68,976 to $106,107 and receivables from $99,854 to $146,479. Property account was raised from $3,452,143 to $3,515,656.

STEEP ROCK

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I shall much appreciate any information you can furnish regarding the prospects of Steep Rock Iron Mines, and has it attraction as an investment? Is there any likelihood of an early resumption of operations and when can production be expected? How is the financing being obtained?

—C. N. S. Atikokan, Ont.

Steep Rock Iron Mines promises to be an operation of great magnitude and I regard the shares as having interesting possibilities as a long-term speculative investment. Many million tons of exceptionally good grade ore have been indicated, which, in the opinion of American iron experts, means that this enterprise will become established as having great value and importance over many decades in Canadian economy. The fact that the Ontario and Dominion governments are actively co-operating and assisting in relieving the company of a substantial amount of the capital expenditures indicates the realization of the necessity of the early development of this immense natural resource.

In the past five years the company has expended approximately $1,000,000, in exploration, development, and the assembling of engineering data, and plans for bringing the tremendous deposits into production are now said to be in the "home stretch." I understand preparations to assemble the necessary equipment are actively proceeding and it is hoped to commence diversion of the Seine River in October, following which Steep Lake will be pumped out, as the three known ore zones lie beneath its waters. If work gets underway when expected some production can be looked for in 1944, and the next year should be up to 2,000,000 tons, the rate for which the property is being initially equipped.

The necessary financing is being secured through a $7,500,000, bond issue, which carries a bonus of common stock. The bonds will be underwritten in the United States as soon as the Securities Exchange Commission at Washington gives its approval. The bonds are all to be sold in the States in view of the Dominion government's desire to secure all the U.S. exchange possible. The bond issue is sufficient to provide finances for any eventuality even without income from the mine for some time.

The Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission is to construct and operate a transmission line and deliver power to Steep Rock, and will also waive the usual guarantees. An agreement has been reached with the Dominion Government and the Canadian National Railways, whereby a spur line some four miles in length will be built and suitable loading docks constructed at Port Arthur. A satisfactory rate for transportation of the ore has also been arranged.

Apart from very large tonnages of ore indicated in three ore zones, exploratory work has outlined 32,500,-

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PREFERRED DIVIDEND NO. 13

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the regular semi-annual dividend of twenty cents (.20c) per share has been declared on the Preferred Shares of the Company, payable October 1st, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business September 19th, 1942.

COMMON DIVIDEND NO. 4

NOTICE IS ALSO GIVEN that a dividend of twenty cents (.20c) per share has been declared on the Common Shares of the Company, payable October 1st, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business, September 19th, 1942.

By Order of the Board.

J. H. GILLIES,
Secretary-Treasurer.

London, Ontario
September 8th, 1942.

DIVIDEND

CHARTERED TRUST AND EXECUTOR COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 1% has been declared on the paid-up Capital Stock of Chartered Trust and Executor Company for the quarter ending September 30th, payable October 1st, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business September 15th, 1942.

By order of the Board,

E. W. McNEILL,
Secretary.

Dated at Toronto,
September 10th, 1942.

Provincial Paper Limited

Notice is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 1¾% on Preferred Stock has been declared by PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED, payable October 2nd, 1942, to Shareholders of record at close of business September 15th, 1942.

(signed) W. S. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on and after

1st OCTOBER, 1942

to Shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th instant.

By order of the Board,

WALTER GILLESPIE,
Manager.

3rd September 1942.

GOLD & DROSS

000 tons of proven and probable ore. This takes in only part of the known length of the "A" and "B" zones and reach only to comparatively shallow depths. Some 30,000,000 tons of this ore will be available for mining by low cost, open pit methods before underground mining is commenced from a shaft which has been sunk 800 feet.

Steep Rock expects to be able to mine and deliver iron ore at Lower Lake ports at a cost which will enable it to compete not only with other iron ore sold on the open market, but also with production of mines owned and controlled by steel companies. The company is assured of a market for all its production and due to the high grade is likely to command a premium. I understand there is a premium of about 90 cents a ton (U.S. funds) on the nearest similar grade ore in the United States. Further, in iron circles the opinion is that before Steep Rock has been producing many years the price will be considerably higher, as the supply of iron ore of comparable grade in Lake Superior district, other than that controlled by the U.S. Steel Corp., is quite limited.

WIREBOUND BOXES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Having lately returned to Canada after more than a year in England, I would greatly appreciate a few lines in your department regarding Canadian Wirebound Boxes, Limited, particularly as to the extent of improvement in operating results last year.

—D. S. J., Montreal, Que.

Operating income of Canadian Wirebound Boxes was $359,339 for the fiscal year ended April 30, 1942, comparing with $292,730, $204,249 and $172,172 respectively for the three preceding years. Operating results in the last fiscal year were not only sufficient to cover all charges, payment of regular dividends and reduction of arrears, but also to contribute a substantial portion to capital expenditures and tax adjustment for prior years. During the year the company purchased buildings, machinery and equipment, etc., of a value of $259,116, reduced mortgage indebtedness by $11,374 and provided $25,796 for adjustment of federal taxes applicable to the 1941 period. Of these expenditures totalling $296,288, approximately half were met out of the year's cash income as it was only necessary to reduce working capital by $150,867.

H. SIMON & SONS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Kindly advise me the amount of the dividends on its common stock being paid this year by H. Simons & Sons, Ltd., and when the payments are made, also how the company is placed in respect to tobacco supplies. What about earnings?

—F. J. C., Toronto, Ont.

I understand that earnings of H. Simon & Sons, Ltd., are ahead of last year's and this is supported by dividend payments. As you probably know, the company will pay an interim dividend of 15 cents a share on September 30. This brings payments so far in the current year to 60c per share as an extra of 15c per share was paid along with the March 28 payment of 15c and was followed by a 15c payment in June. If 15c payment is again made in December this year, the total paid will be the best for some years. From 1938 to 1941 inclusive 60c per share per year was paid on the stock. In 1941, despite higher taxes, the company was able to increase the net available for the common stock from 66c per share to $1.06 per share and the current year started out well with increases over the 1941 period. The company started out the present year with a good supply of tobacco on hand at the plant and in storage in New York which was expected to take care of requirements for some time.

BANKFIELD

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Has Bankfield Consolidated Mines closed down yet? Can you inform me as to whether the company plans to remain inactive in mining and what other investments, if any, has it?

—P. G. C., Westmount, Quebec.

I have not yet heard that Bankfield has closed down, but it was expected that the broken ore would last until about the beginning of the present month. The company intends to retain its corporate state and continue active in mining and the property is considered to have long-term speculative possibilities. Most of the equipment is to be sold on cessation of operations but the proposal, I understand, is to keep sufficient mining plant for development purposes. At the annual meeting, it was stated that half the book value, or $250,000, probably could be realized from the sale of plant and equipment.

A total of $86,850, has been invested in an iron reduction process but details have not been made public. The company is finished with its unfortunate venture in Anoki Gold Mines, in which $142,000, was placed.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO SEVERAL-YEAR TREND: American common stocks, in our opinion, entered an accumulation area some months ago and have subsequently been churning in that area preparatory to eventual major advance.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: The New York stock market is currently in process of forming a base, such as those of May-to-June 1940 and February-to-May 1941, from which intermediate advance can be erected. Evidence is lacking that the period of price unsettlement currently attendant on this base formation has ended.

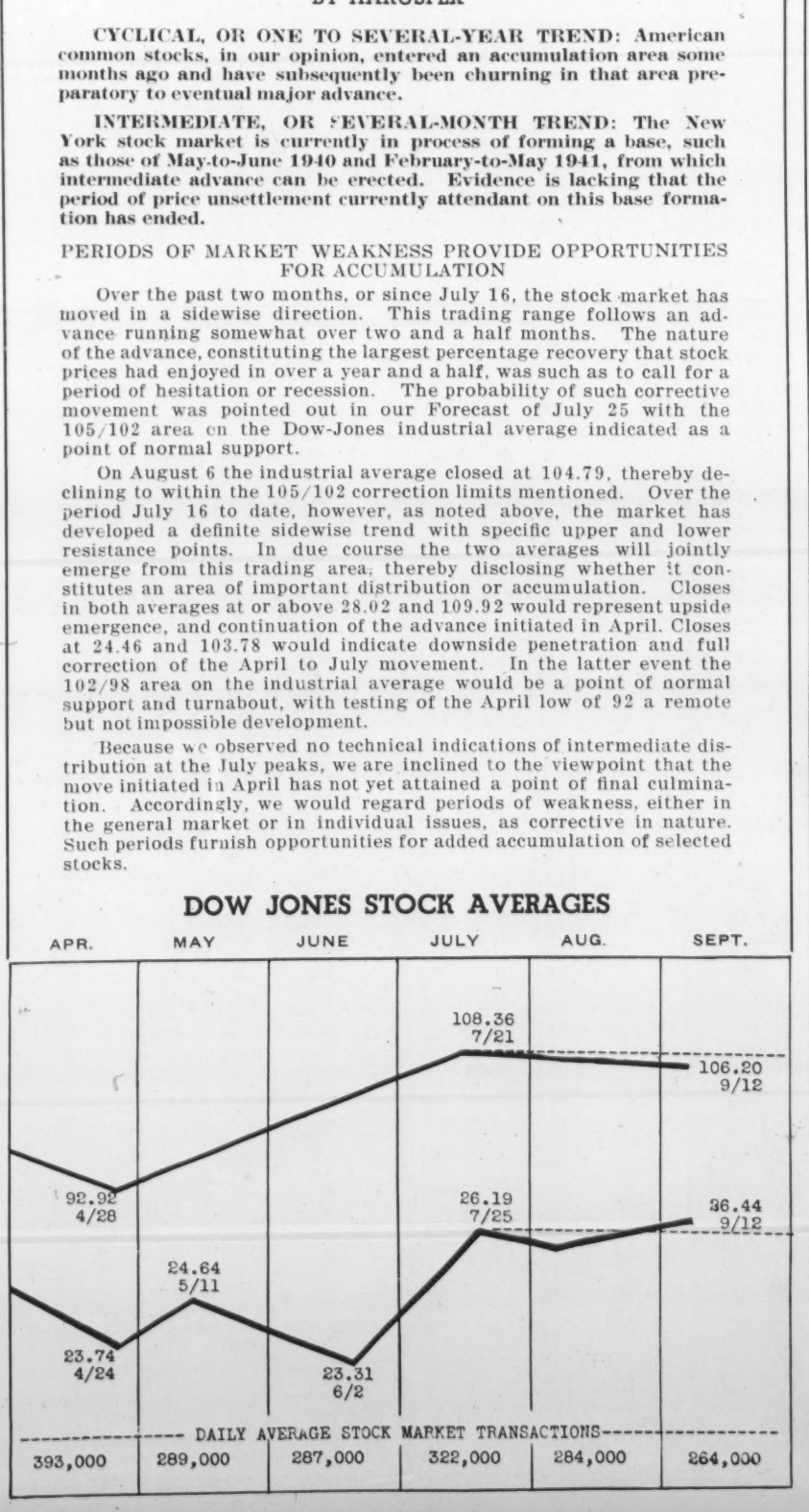
PERIODS OF MARKET WEAKNESS PROVIDE OPPORTUNITIES FOR ACCUMULATION

Over the past two months, or since July 16, the stock market has moved in a sidewise direction. This trading range follows an advance running somewhat over two and a half months. The nature of the advance, constituting the largest percentage recovery that stock prices had enjoyed in over a year and a half, was such as to call for a period of hesitation or recession. The probability of such corrective movement was pointed out in our Forecast of July 25 with the 105/102 area on the Dow-Jones industrial average indicated as a point of normal support.

On August 6 the industrial average closed at 104.79, thereby declining to within the 105/102 correction limits mentioned. Over the period July 16 to date, however, as noted above, the market has developed a definite sidewise trend with specific upper and lower resistance points. In due course the two averages will jointly emerge from this trading area, thereby disclosing whether it constitutes an area of important distribution or accumulation. Closes in both averages at or above 28.02 and 109.92 would represent upside emergence, and continuation of the advance initiated in April. Closes at 24.46 and 103.78 would indicate downside penetration and full correction of the April to July movement. In the latter event the 102/98 area on the industrial average would be a point of normal support and turnabout, with testing of the April low of 92 a remote but not impossible development.

Because we observed no technical indications of intermediate distribution at the July peaks, we are inclined to the viewpoint that the move initiated in April has not yet attained a point of final culmination. Accordingly, we would regard periods of weakness, either in the general market or in individual issues, as corrective in nature. Such periods furnish opportunities for added accumulation of selected stocks.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 209

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of two per cent (2%) has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October, 1942, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, the 2nd day of November next, to shareholders of record of 30th September, 1942.

By order of the Board.

H. T. JAFFRAY,
General Manager.

Toronto, 9th September, 1942.

MONETA PORCUPINE MINES LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 17

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of two cents per share has been declared by the Directors of Moneta Porcupine Mines Limited (No Personal Liability) payable in Canadian funds on October 15th, 1942, to Shareholders of record September 30th, 1942.

By order of the Board,

H. B. CLEARIHUE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, Ontario,
Sept. 11th, 1942.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Famous Players Canadian Corporation Limited

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share has been declared on all issued common shares of the Company without nominal or par value, payable on Saturday, the 26th day of September, 1942, to shareholders of record Saturday, the 19th day of September, 1942.

By order of the Board,

N. G. BARROW,
Secretary.

TORONTO, September 11th, 1942.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

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About Insurance

Merle Oberon's Motor Car Policy

BY GEORGE GILBERT

When Miss Merle Oberon, the film star, obtained a judgment against her chauffeur for injuries sustained in a collision while riding as a passenger in her own car which he was driving, the chauffeur made a claim under her motor car policy for indemnity on the ground that he was insured under the clause extending the cover to an authorized driver.

Upon denial of liability by the insurance company, the dispute was referred to arbitration and came before the King's Bench Division where the decision was in favor of the chauffeur, but the Court of Appeal, by a majority, reversed this finding, and the case was taken to the House of Lords for final determination. By a majority, the Court of last resort has now found in favor of the chauffeur.

IN OCTOBER, 1936, Miss Merle Oberon, (otherwise Miss Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson) the well-known movie actress, took out a motor car policy in England, where automobile liability insurance is compulsory and where passenger liability still exists, with the General Accident, Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited.

On March 16, 1937, while the policy was in force, she was riding as a passenger in her own car which her chauffeur, Mr. S. J. Digby, was driving, when a collison occurred in which she sustained personal injuries. She brought an action for damages against her chauffeur, and on May 4, 1938, judgment was entered in the King's Bench Division in her favor against the chauffeur for £5,000 damages for personal injuries and £693 costs.

In turn, Mr. Digby, the chauffeur, made a claim upon the insurance company under Miss Oberon's policy to be indemnified in respect of the judgment and costs. The insurance company denied liability, and the dispute was referred to arbitration. The umpire stated his award in the form of a special case.

It was brought out that by Clause 2 (1) of the policy the company agreed to indemnify the policyholder in respect of all sums which the policyholder should become legally liable to pay in respect of any claim by any person (including passengers in the automobile) for loss of life or accidental bodily injury caused in connection with such automobile, and the law costs payable in connection with such claim when incurred with the consent of the company.

Cover Extended

By Clause 2 (3) the insurance was also extended to indemnify in like manner any person while driving the car on the order or with the permission of the policyholder, provided that such person should, as though he were the policyholder, observe, fulfill, and be subject to the terms, exceptions and conditions of the policy in so far as they could apply.

By Condition 8 it was provided that if any difference should arise between the policyholder and the company, such difference should be referred to arbitration, and that an award should be a condition precedent to any liability of the company or any right of action against the company. The form of application, or proposal, which was deemed to be incorporated in the policy, included unlimited indemnity in respect of claims by the public (including passengers, subject to exclusions) for personal injury against (a) the policyholder, (b) any person driving on the policyholder's order or with the policyholder's permission.

Two questions were left by the umpire for decision by the Court: (1) Whether the claimant was entitled to avail himself of the arbitration provided for in the policy; and (2) whether, on the assumption he was so entitled, he was entitled to recover the sum of £5,693 1s. 9d. Mr. Justice Atkinson, in the King's Bench Division, answered both questions in the affirmative, and therefore in favor of Mr. Digby, the chauffeur. The insurance company appealed.

In giving the judgment of the Court of Appeal, allowing the appeal, Lord Justice MacKinnon said, with respect to the questions left by the umpire for decision, that the two questions were, of course, quite separate and distinct. As regards the first question, he said he agreed with the decision of the umpire and of Mr. Justice Atkinson, that a third party claiming pursuant to sub-section 3 of Section 2 of the policy was subject to Condition 8, and he must have an award of arbitration before he could make any claim.

Third Party Liability

With regard to the second question, which was much more difficult, he said he had come to the clear conclusion that the decision of Mr. Justice Atkinson was not correct. Section 2 of the policy, which deals with third party liability, was obviously inserted in the contract, he said, by reason of the necessity of having this type of insurance as required by Section 35 of the Road Traffic Act, 1930.

He said the whole argument for Digby, the chauffeur, rested upon the fact that in the operative words of sub-section 1 of Section 2 of the policy the words "any person" are used instead of "a third party," but in his view, construing the policy as a whole, and having regard to the purpose and nature of it, having regard, among other things, to the fact that this part of the policy was obviously based upon the requirements of Section 35 of the Act of 1930, he said that "any person" in this policy meant "a third party," and that the passage ought to be construed as though the words "a third party" did appear there instead of "any person."

With respect to the meaning of "a third party," he said it clearly contemplated three persons, the first being the insurance company, the second being the policyholder or the insured, and the third being some person other than the insurance company and the insured. The policy was a commercial document, he said, and he thought that the nature and purpose of that commercial document were of paramount importance in the construction of any part of it. Further, he thought it ought to be construed as a whole, and that it would be erroneous to construe any single sentence in it with "that rigorous exactness which in so many cases has for so long defeated the purposes and intentions of testators."

Appeal Allowed

Lord Justice Goddard agreed with Lord Justice MacKinnon on both points in question, and the appeal of the insurance company was accordingly allowed.

In a dissenting judgment, Lord Justice Luxmoor, referring to the two questions left by the umpire, said that he was in complete agreement with the umpire, Mr. Justice Atkinson and his brethren that the first question should be answered in the affirmative. He regretted, however, that he was unable to agree with his brethren as to the answer to be given to the second question. On this question he found himself in agreement with the umpire and Mr. Justice Atkinson. The answer to this question, he said, depended purely upon the construction of the material part of the policy.

Continuing, he said, in part: "When I say 'the material part of the policy,' of course I mean the material part having regard to the whole of the policy, because, of course, the whole of the contract of insurance has to be considered in arriving at any solution on a question of its true construction. The material clause is Sub-clause 3 of Section 2. It is common ground that the claimant was authorized by Miss Thompson to drive her motor car and that while he was driving the car he incurred a legal liability to Miss Thompson. Why is he not entitled to be indemnified by the insurance company in respect of that liability?"

Leave to appeal to the House of Lords being given, Mr. Digby, the chauffeur, took his case to the Court of last resort. By a majority of three to two the House of Lords has now finally determined the case in favor of the chauffeur by allowing his appeal. Both the Lord Chancellor and Lord Maughan agreed with the Court of Appeal judgment in favor of the insurance company, but Lord Atkin, Lord Wright and Lord Porter gave judgment that Mr. Digby's appeal should be allowed.

Here is the first Canadian-made glider plane to have attained an altitude of over 5,000 feet. Developed as a result of the de Haviland Glider Club formation, it was kept aloft over two hours, forced into spins and dives in such a way as to demonstrate its practical value in modern warfare. Safety feature of the deHaviland "Sparrow", as the glider is called, is a wooden frame, plywood covered cockpit instead of the "open saddle" usually seen on primary training gliders. As a means of training, gliders offer advantages of low cost, rapid production.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

As a constant reader of your paper and the "About Insurance," I may say that I find it most interesting. I am a car owner in A-1 category, and maintain that insurance rates here are not fair, as I pay for A-1 the same as for C, and I pay more living in the city than the owner who lives in the township and has his car on the streets at least four times a day, while my pleasure driving—and that is all I use the car for—does not exceed 5500 miles per year. I have changed my insurance to the Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company with the expectation of receiving a 20 per cent dividend at the end of the year. What is the financial standing in Canada of this company, and how about their settlement of claims?

—L. J. E., Oshawa, Ont.

Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company, with head office at Chicago and Canadian head office at Toronto, was incorporated in 1912, and has been doing business in this country under Dominion registry since 1920. It is regularly licensed here for the transaction of automobile, accident, boiler and machinery, plate glass and theft insurance, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively.

At the end of 1941 its total assets in Canada were $774,555, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $446,312, showing a surplus here of $328,243. All claims are readily collectable, and the company is safe to do business with.

•

Editor, About Insurance:

Kindly let me know what dividend the Northwestern Mutual Fire Association is paying on policies on solid brick buildings this year. Formerly I have received 30 per cent, but this year only 20 per cent, and I was wondering if this was correct. What was the total paid in dividends to policy holders in Canada by this company last year? Is it in a strong financial position here?

—M. J. A., North Bay, Ont.

According to my information, the dividend paid by the Northwestern Mutual Fire Association this year on solid brick mercantile buildings is 20 per cent, while last year the dividend was 30 per cent, so that you have received the regular dividend being paid by the Association in 1942. Government figures show that the dividends paid policyholders in Canada in 1941 totalled $191,368.

At the end of 1941 its total assets in Canada were $1,185,388, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $604,063, showing a surplus of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $581,325. Comparing the amount of the surplus in Canada with the amount of its unearned premium reserve liability in Canada, $512,950, it will be seen that it occupies a strong financial position in relation to the volume of business transacted in this country. All claims are readily collectable, and it is safe to do business with.

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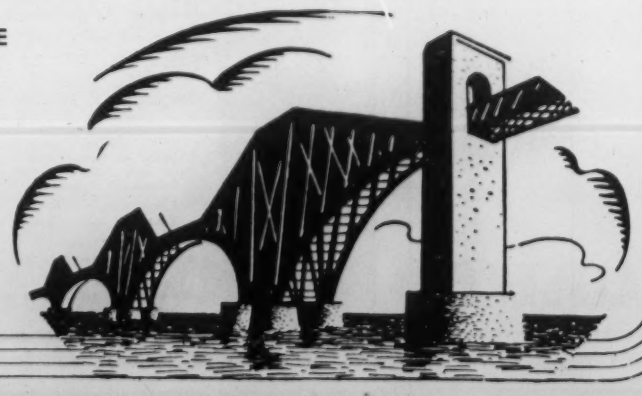

Can British Farms Make Profit in Peace Time?

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Can British Agriculture function as an economic unit after the war? In the past industrial exports brought an exchange of food cheaper than it could be grown at home.

Has farming a prior claim on the Government?

THE London Stock Exchange is becoming notably partial to shares giving an interest in farming, through agricultural machinery or fertilisers. The people of Britain have become convinced that farming will never again be allowed to fall into the state of "desuetude" from which the demands of war have compelled the nation to resurrect it. The Government appears to give tacit approval to the principle that farming has a prior claim upon the predilections of official planners. The farming community seems to have convinced itself that a state of almost fond favoritism is its natural right. A body called the Scott Committee, appointed to enquire into the question of land utilisation in rural areas, has fostered this belief.

It is a matter of vast importance. If agriculture seriously considers that its position in the general economy is not to be judged by reference to the mundane standards applicable to industry and trade, but more to be assessed in terms of the "rural life" and the "amenities of the countryside" and in terms of tradition, Britain is going to find itself faced with a big political question when the war is over. For agriculture has a substantial political influence.

The Scott Committee published a report which was extraordinary in its naive simplicity. Farming is, *enfin*, an economic business. Whether the thatched cottage is good to look at, or whether it is true that the only life for a sane man is to wield the spade and drive the plough, is the concern of the aesthete. The business of economic policy is to determine, as Professor Dennison, a member of the Committee, pointed out in a minority report, whether "more food can be obtained by employing labor and capital in manufacturing goods which are exported and by importing food in return than can be obtained by using the same amount of labor and real capital in agriculture to produce the food directly".

Economic Experience

The answer, of course, is that the ability to buy food from the proceeds of exports is very much greater than the ability, with the same employment of means, to produce the food at home. It is the old question of the division of labor. Britain is a great industrial and exporting nation first. She lives on her exports and her main exports are manufactured goods.

No one would argue against the justice of the plea for better housing for agricultural workers, and for higher wages. But in pleading for these the Scott Committee bites its own tail. It is only in conditions where the full effectiveness of the country as an economic entity were employed that it would be possible to improve conditions in farming. It is only when British agriculture is really competitive, when it is highly efficient and concentrating on what it can produce on a bargaining level in the world market, that it will attain that level of "industrial" efficiency which can provide the standard of living for its employees which will compare favorably with those of industry proper.

Unless, of course, it is to be permanently subsidised and cherished as a worth-while luxury. Is it possible that the Scott Committee had this in mind when it said that much that it proposed required "goodwill rather than money"? Is it possible that any responsible investigation into a department of the national economy could reach the conclusion that the country as a whole should forget the cost and nurture, even at great loss, that department, because of "goodwill"?

Importance of Exports

When it is considered to what extent the standard of living in Great Britain, and her international influence, will depend when the war is done on a prompt and large-scale restoration of the export trades, the unbelievable shallowness of this sort of "back to the land" fervor is apparent. The function of British farming is not different from the function of the coal industry, or the iron and steel industry, or the cotton trades. It must be economic or cease to exist.

But, cry the farmers, you need us badly enough when there is a war on. You pet us then. But this is beside the point. In war we also need great armament works and vast bodies of men in uniform. When the war is over we convert the arms factories into organs making goods for non-destructive use, we put our men out of uniform. By what sort of twist can it be supposed that in a fight to maintain the standard of living after the war, to restore the nation's trade and finances, we should agree to carry so fat a passenger, for the sake of tradition and country lanes?

In all times there are interests vested in the preservation of the past. At some times they are sufficiently fortunate to be able to reinforce their cries by the accompaniment of great service lately rendered. That is what agriculture is doing, if the Scott Committee is a reliable guide. It argues, on the basis of its really magnificent work in this war, that it should be kept, for "goodwill" reasons, as a sort of museum piece to prove that the British still know how to live. But that way of living happens also to be a way to bankruptcy. We *could* have our perpetually traditional agriculture, and we *could* finance it by levies on the taxpayer and on efficient industry. And if we did so we should find our abilities in the export market seriously affected, and our Exchequer seriously down.

The economic future of Great Britain is with its exports. After the war that will be the main job of Government policy in the sphere of trade, to recapture oversea markets, to raise our income from overseas to its pre-war level, and above it. It will be an immense job, involving the whole abilities of the country. It so happens that providence has not fitted the British countryside to produce food enough at a sufficiently economic price to feed its millions of workers. It so happens that that same providence gave the British race a genius in industry and manufacture, and provided rare sources of mineral wealth to enable the building up of a great service in supplying the world with manufactured products. The Atlantic Charter was the last document published which gave high expression to the principle of the division of labor. It said that no country would be debarred from access to the raw material resources of the world. Does British agriculture want to insulate Britain from this advantage?

It is more than a pity that these elementary truths are so often forgotten. There is nothing, once the medieval taint is removed, insoluble about the agricultural problem. Agriculture must pass the test of competition in world markets. The Government can help by guaranteeing farm prices, so as to rid farming of the pest of fluctuations; but this pegging must fix the price at a level which over an average of years approximates to the world level. Otherwise only the cause of agriculture is served, and the cause of Britain is denied.

One of the largest airfields in Britain is now being built by the Royal Canadian Engineers, some of whom are here shown laying concrete runways.

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AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA
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Long disused because tin from Malaya mines was cheaper to produce, the ancient tin mines of Cornwall are being "worked" again — this time by Canadians. At the drill are two men of No. 1 Tunnelling Co'y., R.C.E.

What the Mines Are Doing

BY J. A. McRAE

LAKE SHORE MINES at Kirkland Lake weathered the great difficulties of 1941-42 with flying colors. The company closed its fiscal year June 30, a period embracing not only the difficulties imposed by war but, also, the serious loss of time and disorganization caused by the labor strike instigated by the C.I.O. during the late months of 1941 and the opening months of 1942. Despite all handicaps the developed condition of the mine continues to improve. These facts tell an outstanding story: At the end of June, 1942, the total length of drift backs available for stoping amounted to 17,236 ft.,—or well over three miles. The importance of this may be measured by reference to past reports which show the total length of backs available for stoping two years ago was 13,290 ft. Another outstanding fact is that the 3,732 ft. in length of ore exposed in drifts during the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1942, carried over $27 to the ton in gold across the full widths of the drifts. The company made a net profit of $1.13 per share during the year. Cash, bullion, bonds, and supplies on hand at the close of the year exceeded $5,000,000.

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Gold mines in the Little Long Lac area have been asked by the federal government to make provision for the recovery of arsenic from their ores, provided tests now being made prove favorable. This would involve an expenditure of possibly $1,000,000, —and while it is generally supposed the government itself would stand ready to underwrite this big outlay, yet there has not yet been any such promise forthcoming. Unless the government assumes the burden of financing such an installation there is considered to be no likelihood of the mines undertaking the outlay.

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Dome Mines Co. has further reduced mill operations, the current rate being estimated at about 43,500 tons a month. However, while this is substantially lower than the very high record established in recent years, yet even at this reduced rate it compares very favorably with the best records of the company up to and including 1936.

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Gold Frontier Mines at Red Lake have been suspended until the end of the war. An impressive amount of ore is in sight but priority regulations prevent the enterprise from going ahead. However, Gold Frontier is proceeding with a deal for control of the Noble Five in the Nelson district in British Columbia. This old property produced several million in former years in lead, silver and zinc. Additional orebodies are known to occur and these are to be brought into production.

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Sigma Mines produced $259,987 in gold during August from 34,379 tons of ore. The output was the second highest for any month in the history of the enterprise. The amount of labor available in the mining fields of Northern Quebec appears to be much greater than may be found in either Northern Ontario, Northern Manitoba or British Columbia.

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Gold Mines in British Columbia are experiencing a sharp decline in production. Data for August reveals this fact. For example, Cariboo Gold Quartz produced $81,890 during August compared with $111,111 in July. Sheep Creek Gold Mines produced just $70,105 during August compared with $85,045 during July.

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Toburn Gold Mines at Kirkland Lake reported a tonnage decline of about 10 per cent. recently, and a reduction of about 20 per cent. in the grade of ore. In July the mill handled just 3,155 tons of ore and produced $45,393. Recovery during the month was $14.39 per ton compared with an average of around $18 prevailing during the past year or so.

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MacLeod-Cockshutt Gold Mines has completed an increase in mill capacity to a rate of 1,000 tons per day. However, the government has refused the company permission to implement the increase.

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The Ontario Prospectors' and Developers' Association is still trying to negotiate with the federal government toward a clarification of government policy in respect to prospecting and prospectors. The Association has made repeated efforts to regiment prospectors into the service of the politician. The result of the effort has been a double-barrelled backfire. On the one hand the politician has given the Association the well-known ride on the Merry-Go-Round, while on the other hand the prospectors themselves have shown no intention of being transformed into political marionettes.

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When the governments of Canada, provincial as well as federal, took away the freedom of action of the prospectors of Canada, they cut at the root of the mining industry of the country. That destruction was accomplished through security regulations and general mistrust, as well as through tax imposts which lost sight of the fact that to eat the seed potato is to invite an empty stomach.

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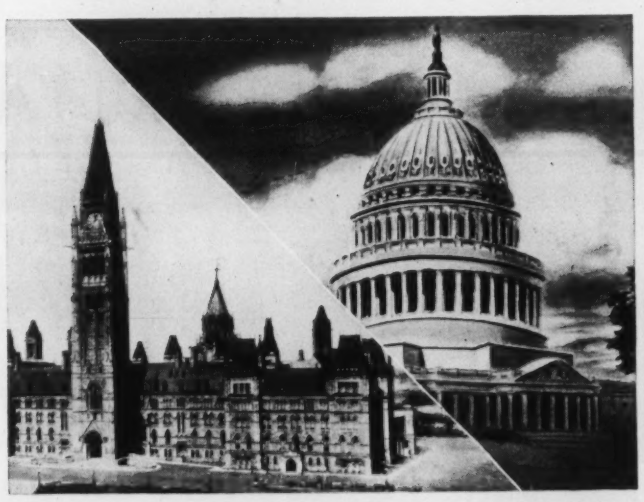
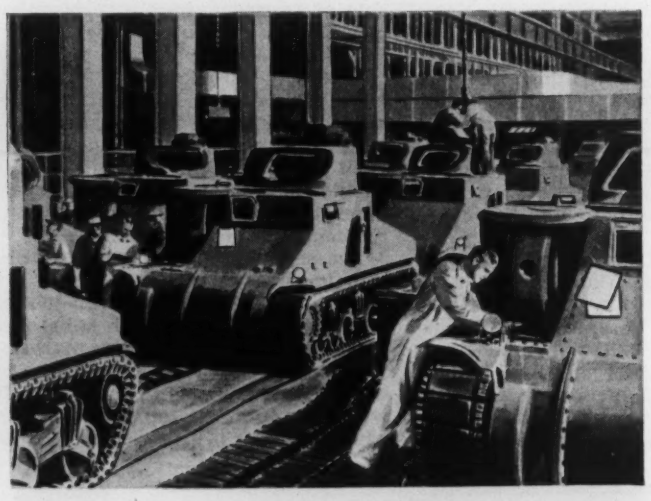
The Ontario Prospectors' and Developers' Association has displayed marked sincerity in its efforts—but not like an innocent maiden starting out alone in a cruel world. Each time the representatives of the prospectors have approached the politician they have been sent away more bedraggled appearing than ever—and there is a growing impression that the politicians "aint done right by Nell."

1. *Today, our Countries have one purpose ...to win the war.* IN YOUR NAME, and in the name of 68,000,000 Canadians and Americans who also own life insurance policies, the Institution of Life Insurance in Canada and the United States is bending its energies to this great all-out effort. Do you know how *your* life insurance dollars are helping?

2. PART OF THE MONEY you pay as premiums on your life insurance goes into reserves ... and these reserves are invested to earn the interest that helps pay the cost of your insurance. Today a larger and larger part of these life insurance reserves is helping the Canadian Government and the United States Government to finance the war program.



3. AT THE END OF 1941, life insurance companies had invested nearly 7 billion dollars in Canadian and United States Government Bonds. This is about 21% of all life insurance company assets. Metropolitan alone now has more than $1,465,000,000 invested in Canadian and United States Government Bonds. This represents over 24% of the Company's assets.



4. THESE LIFE INSURANCE DOLLARS are helping to buy planes, tanks, ships, guns, bombs, shells, and weapons of all kinds to safeguard our lives and liberties. Still other dollars, invested in industry and agriculture are helping to finance transportation, the production of power, steel, chemicals, oil, food, and other materials necessary to ultimate victory. So for the duration of the war, you can have the satisfaction of knowing that more and more of the dollars you have invested in life insurance are flowing to the place where they are most needed ... the war chest of our nations!

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This is Number 52 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.